THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1925

From Friend to Friend
BY
J. L. GARVIN

England's Future

Art and Morality
BY
D. H. LAWRENCE

Moscow Goes Wet

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.
Editorial Office: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50

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THE LIVING AGE

December 26, 1925

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS I KNEW HER

By Sir Hall Caine

This splendid tribute to the most beloved of sovereigns by one of the most popular of novelists will be read and cherished by all who care for the finest British traditions.

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR'S REFLECTIONS ON OXFORD

By S. E. Morison

Mr. Morison has just returned to Harvard after occupying the chair of American History at Oxford for several years. In this article from the London *Spectator* he indicates some of the strong and weak points of English universities.

THE PARIS PRESS AND PUBLIC OPINION

By Beckles Willson

To readers of the *Living Age* this article is of special significance, for it gives a really adequate idea of what is going on at the source from which some of our most important material is drawn. According to Mr. Willson, the Parisian journalist puts information above entertainment every day of the week.

MARSHAL LYAUTEY

By W. L. Middleton

This timely description of the great French colonial administrator is an important chapter in the history of European expansion overseas.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *DECEMBER 26, 1925* — NO. 4251

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH COMMUNISTS IMPRISONED

THE twelve British Communists recently indicted at the instance of the Government for conspiring to publish and utter seditious libels have been found guilty and sentenced to prison. Their terms, however, are relatively light compared with those imposed in similar cases by American tribunals. Five of the ringleaders must serve a term of twelve months. The remaining seven were sentenced to six months, after refusing to accept their liberty on condition of leaving their Party and repudiating its doctrines. Conservative Labor leaders, including Ramsay MacDonald, J. H. Thomas, Philip Snowden, Arthur Henderson, Tom Shaw, and C. P. Trevelyan, filed notice in the House of Commons immediately after the penalties were published that they would submit the following motion: 'That the action of the Government in initiating the prosecution against certain members of the Communist Party is a violation of the traditional British rights of freedom of speech and publication of opinion.'

The *New Statesman*, which stands at the Labor end of London's middle-class weeklies, while offering no comment on the verdict and sentences, on the assumption that the prisoners had probably brought themselves within the proper scope of the criminal law as it stands on the statute books, declared that the judge, in instructing the jury that any attempt to overthrow the existing Constitution was a seditious and criminal offense, 'irrespective of whether such attempt might involve the use of force or not,' and in offering to bind over seven of the convicted instead of sending them to prison if they abjured the doctrines of Communism, took a position that spells 'the end of freedom of speech and opinion in Great Britain.'

The Nation and the Athenæum, speaking for traditional Liberalism, thought that the trial was 'likely to prove an important landmark in legal annals.' It did not criticize the conduct of the case, and believed the verdict of guilty 'was undoubtedly in accord with the law' and the sentences were not extreme. Neither had it any 'quarrel with the law under which the Communists were brought to book; the kind

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of propaganda which they have been conducting is not only illegal, it is rightly so.' But it regarded the Government's decision to take proceedings as quite another matter — in fact, 'as one of the most deplorable mistakes that could possibly have been made at the present critical juncture of industrial affairs.' Conservative journals passed over the incident with little or no comment. The *Spectator* contented itself with observing that 'in no other country would the sentences have been so lenient.' Finally the *Times*, which reflects Cabinet opinion although no longer 'The Thunderer' of the good old days before governments and their spokesmen lost the self-confidence of divinely constituted authority, dealt thus with the Communists and incidentally with Communism's twin brother, Fascism:

> The Communist Party is not 'like any other political party' which this country has known. It is a branch of a widespread revolutionary and conspiratorial organization which has never made any secret of its intention to work for the downfall of all States not organized on a Communistic basis. This organization has two sides. One is the present Government of Russia, which uses the vast regions which it has seized by force as a *corpus vile* for Communistic experiment and propaganda, and exploits them for its own benefit and for that of the other side of the organization. This other side is known to the world as the Third International. It works in close connection with the Soviet Government; its headquarters are at Moscow; its personnel is interchangeable with that of the Russian Soviet Republic. The Communist Parties which exist in other States take their orders, with their financial subventions, from the Congress of the Third International when it annually meets at Moscow, and in its absence from the Executive Committee of the organization which is permanently established there. The discipline imposed by the Executive brooks no neglect or criticism of its decisions, and punishes such mutiny with expulsion. Can it possibly be maintained in these circumstances that the Communist Party is not an unprecedented and ominous focus of disorder in our political life?

While there is no direct connection between this conviction and the plan published by the Government for maintaining essential supplies in case of a general strike, the hostile reception given to both by Laborists of all complexions is significant. Under the plan mentioned, England and Wales have been divided into ten districts, each under the control of a minister of the Crown. Should a national emergency, as defined under the Emergency Powers Act of 1920, occur, each minister will act as civil commissioner of his district. He will be helped by a staff drafted from the Government departments, and will have wide authority to ensure uninterrupted transportation, continuous food and fuel supplies, and regular postal service. Wherever the police force is insufficient to keep order, the minister may, in coöperation with the local authorities, enroll able-bodied citizens of good character as special constables to work under the direction of the local authorities.

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THE TACNA-ARICA TANGLE

BEFORE these lines reach our readers, Chile may have appealed directly to President Coolidge, as personal arbiter of the Tacna-Arica dispute, to intervene in the tangle that has arisen within the plebiscite area. *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, which has followed the attempts at settlement there with a judicial eye, pointed out at the very beginning of the negotiations the probable rock upon which the plebiscite would be wrecked, — if it was wrecked, — and recurs to this subject editorially in a recent issue. That rock is the

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question of guaranties — of establishing conditions ensuring an impartial recording of the voters' wishes. 'This question of guaranties has been, and will continue to be, the first consideration and the principal theme of the plebiscite negotiations. Upon its solution — we will go further, and say upon its solution by mutual concessions and agreements — depends the whole success of the experiment.'

As we have already indicated in these columns, a series of untoward incidents in the disputed provinces has aggravated the situation there since the Plebiscitary Commission under General Pershing has been on the ground. Chile rather imprudently increased her military and police forces beyond reasonable measure in anticipation of the election. Possibly she was moved to do this by a fear that Peru would rush a horde of unruly 'ex-residents' into the territory and attempt to exercise at least moral duress at the ballot box. The Peruvians complain, and doubtless with justification, that their citizens are not safe from physical assault, illegal arrest, and other aggressions in the disputed districts. Chile believes her case is unduly prejudiced because Peru has employed Americans — above all American women — as official advisers and indirectly subsidized press agents at Arica. The *South Pacific Mail* of Valparaiso says: 'American journalists are permitted freely in Arica to write articles and send off dispatches that are in the highest degree insulting to the Chilean authorities in the disputed provinces, apparently without being called to account or even mildly reprimanded by the American Commission, which, according to Peru, should be given complete control of the situation!'

Early in November the Plebiscitary Commission requested the Government of Chile to withdraw its troops with the exception of a force approximately the same as that maintained by the Peruvian Government in a substantially equal area immediately to the north from the disputed provinces; that it also remove all carabineers in excess of the number stationed in these provinces before the plebiscite was under contemplation; and that in a number of other analogous ways it restore conditions to their normal status. The Commission insists that representatives of both Peru and Chile shall have equal right to hold public meetings and processions, to make speeches, to publish newspapers, and to receive and dispatch private and public correspondence, precisely as if the election were an ordinary political election in any well-regulated country. Evidently none of these conditions has existed heretofore. Chile agreed to comply with these requirements, and announced herself 'ready to adopt the suggested measures and such others as may be necessary for the realization of a free and correct plebiscite.'

Chile very naturally is pressing for an early vote, while Peru appears to be jockeying for postponement, either under the impression that her chances will be improved by delay, or believing that a fair election cannot be held as long as present conditions prevail. The London *Times*, writing before the very latest developments, summarized the situation as follows: —

When the Commission arrived it found that Chilean control, uninterrupted for four decades, was being exercised in a manner so arbitrary as to threaten the authority of the Commission. General Pershing's proposals are therefore that the number of Chilean troops shall be reduced, that the mounted police and the secret-service agents shall be removed, that civil posts shall be held only by civilians, and that public functionaries who have shown a tendency to repress popular expressions of opinion shall resign their places to others. The United

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States general has insisted on the abolition of every repressive measure. There is to be no censorship of letters and telegrams, no restriction on entry to or departure from the disputed zone, absolute freedom of propaganda, and the right for all to hold meetings, make demonstrations, and deliver speeches. Whether pandemonium will ensue remains to be seen. The conditions are admirable in theory; but they appear somewhat likely to entail the very procedure that the Washington Government is most anxious to avoid — the policing of the whole region by the United States. In any case, Chile has accepted them.

*

FORCES OF REVOLT IN SYRIA AND EGYPT

SYRIA'S protest to the League of Nations against the military action of France in her territories raises a number of interesting questions. One of these is the extent to which nations or congeries of nationalities that under the most strained construction cannot be described as primitive or barbarous, and that have ancient social and political institutions of their own, are entitled to 'self-determination' under the mandate system. Strictly juristic minds will ask at once what credentials Syria's emissary to Geneva carries with him, and whether he is entitled to represent her people. Technically his papers may not be in order, but there is abundant evidence, beginning with the testimony recorded in the King-Crane Report, an official document kept confidential by our Government but finally published on private initiative in December 1922, that the protest is a fairly true expression of majority sentiment. The Syrian Mandate to France was never endorsed by the Syrian people.

Therefore it is a mistake to confound the Druse revolt, the uprising of less than a hundred and fifty thousand out of a population of more than two million, with the subsequent disorders, of which it was but the fuse that fired the gun. In fact, the political leaders of the present agitation are said to have their headquarters at Jerusalem under the British flag.

It is logical that the Mandatory Powers, no matter how jealous they may be of each other in some respects, should be keenly conscious of their common interests in dealing with the present situation. This has been frankly emphasized in several British journals. France's new High Commissioner in Syria, Henry de Jouvenel, visited London before going to his post — as the *Times* said, in order that he might enter upon his delicate duties 'with the assurance that such measures of coöperation as may prove to be possible will be readily undertaken by the British mandatory authorities in Palestine and Irak.' That journal added that it is a mere form of words to say that what occurs in Syria will not affect these adjacent territories: —

All three are at the heart of the Arab world, and they include the principal seats of its ancient and wonderful civilization. There is proof enough already of the stirring of sentiment beyond the confines of the French administration; Arab leaders in Palestine are raising funds for the relief of sufferers from the warfare in Syria, and demonstrations to protest against the shelling of Damascus last month have been held. Crowds of refugees have passed over into Palestinian territory, and there have been reports of brief incursions by small parties of tribesmen from the centre of the Druse rebellion just across the border. The recognition of a common interest, if there were any disposition to question its existence, would be forced upon the European Mandatories in this region, as it was forced upon the two protecting Powers in Morocco.

From the military standpoint, the situation in Syria, after assuming an aspect very serious for France, whose authorities lost control of most of the territory under their jurisdiction, has

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taken a turn for the better, as it is certain to do sooner or later whenever Western military art and resources are pitted against the imperfectly organized forces of the racially and religiously distraught peoples of the East.

At the time of the Armistice Syria was in the possession of the British, who were under obligations, however, by virtue of one of the famous secret treaties of the war period, to turn it over to France. During the general unsettlement of 1919 an Arab government under King Feisal was set up at Damascus, but it was overthrown in the summer of 1920 and Damascus was occupied by French forces. Syria is about the size of New York and Pennsylvania, and has a population of more than two million inhabitants, of whom three fourths are Moslems and about one fourth Christians. The Christian minority was at first disposed to welcome the French in the expectation of favors from them, but when the latter became directly responsible for the administration of an overwhelmingly Mohammedan population they shaped their course to conciliate the majority. As a result, no one is satisfied. The French have done much useful work in the way of building roads, encouraging agriculture, opening schools, and reorganizing the law courts. Their difficulties in governing Syria are probably no greater than those which Syria would have in governing herself.

Egypt also is in agitation. Since the general elections last spring, which gave Zaglul's followers a majority in Parliament, a minority ministry has been in power, in defiance of the wishes of the legislature. According to the Cairo correspondent of *Journal de Genève*, this Cabinet, which has been weakened by internal dissensions during the summer, does not represent more than five or ten per cent of the nation. It has attempted to govern by decree, in view of its inability to pass bills through Parliament, and these decrees have been openly defied.

Last month the Opposition outwitted the Government by meeting unexpectedly at a hotel. Since 134 members of the 215 in the Chamber attended, there was a quorum, and a series of resolutions was passed declaring the acts of the ministry unconstitutional.

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RECONCILED BY COMMON ENEMIES

STEFAN RADIČ has published in *Dom*, an Agram daily, a statement that puts his reconciliation with his old enemies at Belgrade in a new light. The former antagonists have been reconciled, according to this declaration, by the supreme necessity of uniting all Slavic forces in the Balkans against Italy. It was discovered that Mussolini was secretly promoting discord in Yugoslavia, encouraging and supporting Pašič, the Serb Premier, with one hand, while he incited and aided Radič and the Croat Secessionists with the other. As soon as these 'double dealings' were discovered, the Slav factions speedily reconciled their differences. Indeed, this spirit of understanding is spreading beyond the borders of the Serb-Croat realm, to judge by recent articles in the Bulgarian press almost laudatory of the Belgrade Government. Unquestionably Mussolini's Milan address, breathing armed threats to some of Italy's obstacles in the Mediterranean, has had a decided effect in reducing discords among that nation's eastern neighbors.

✠

LANDS WITH A STIFLED PRESS

FREE speech is throttled in Italy. Beginning with *Giustizia* and *Avanti*, the dailies of the two Socialist Parties, other Opposition papers, like *Mondo*, which used to be Nitti's great daily,

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Unita, *Voce Republicana*, *Lavoro*, and the Christian Socialist *Popolo*, have been suspended by order of the Government. But no other aggression against the independent press has been so generally condemned abroad as the coercion exercised toward *Corriere della Sera*, the greatest of Italian dailies, which has forced Senator Luigi Albertini and his brother, Dr. Alberto Albertini, its creators, out of its editorial and business management. These gentlemen represent the best side of Italian Liberalism, and their organ has been courteously critical of the Fascist régime, but by no means radically antagonistic to the Government. The paper will presumably continue publication in the hands of the people who have secured control of a majority of its stock, but it has 'lost its soul.'

Spanish newspapers also continue under a strict censorship, notwithstanding the Directory's noncommittal obeisance to popular liberty in associating certain civilian members with the administration. Henri Barbusse, the French Socialist and pacifist author, whose books caused a sensation in Europe after the war, was attacked and badly beaten up at Bucharest last month by a gang of Rumanian 'Fascisti' and forced to leave the country. The Fascisti in that city also demolished the offices of the Opposition papers, *Dimineatza* and *Adeverul*. M. Barbusse visited Rumania to attend the proceedings against the four hundred and eighty peasants who were being tried by court-martial for resisting certain measures of the authorities in Bessarabia.

'LIKIN ITS LIPS STILL'

As a British paper in China pictures the Joker — the abolition of likin — in the Powers' grant of Tariff Autonomy.

— *North China Herald*, Shanghai

'THE END OF JUDAS'

A Fascist cartoonist's version of the end of the Catholic Popular Party, whose organ, *Il Popolo*, has been suppressed by Mussolini's Government.

— '420,' Florence

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FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND[1]

BY J. L. GARVIN

OWING to the fabulous rise of the motor-car industry in America, there is, it appears, an enormous growth of the good town of Detroit. The beginning of this century found it of a handy size like a score of provincial places in our own country, and now it has spread into a city of a million and a quarter inhabitants. They call it a wonder-city, and we admire; and are yet inconsolable for the loss of a function it used to discharge. Some decades ago the *Detroit Free Press* was the most amusing newspaper in the world. Its fame came over. By a feat unique in the annals of journalism, it acquired a considerable English circulation. We could not do without it, and week after week we waited for it as our happy grandfathers used to wait for the numbers of *Pickwick*. In those days the present ridiculous interruption of humor between the English-speaking peoples would have been impossible. Now, Mark Twain is dead, after all, in spite of the exaggerated report; we have lived to sigh in vain for Mr. Dooley; and our best hope is that he will be reprinted soon by Mr. E. V. Lucas.

John Bull gravely thinks it better not to open his mouth upon any Anglo-American topic lest his remarks should be misunderstood by one section or another across the Atlantic. Brother Jonathan is under the most sorrowful delusions about our social and political state, and hardly likes to mention all he feels. Commercial dignitaries tell us that they went to the United States unsuspecting and well-groomed, but within a few days of their arrival their hair stood on end. Other travelers return with the same report. America is convinced that Britain is 'down and out,' and, as it were, will never be heard of again. At the same time, some of our people imagine that Americans are mostly millionaires; while others protest that to become opulent under Protection is an historic error, as when Wellington on the wrong principle won the battle of Assaye.

In face of this dismal orgy of hallucinations — one of the most unexpected among post-war consequences — what is an independent journal to do? How are we to get over the almost hopeless difficulties of a common language? Owing to our want of a written Constitution and to our more irregular way of changing Governments, the press is a far more direct and continuous power in the politics of this country than in those of the United States. By speaking out, it constantly gets things done that otherwise would not have been accomplished, and prevents mistakes that would have been committed. There is every ground for hope among us. There is no room for complacency. The press must criticize to stir and stimulate. This is the repudiation of helplessness and the double effort for success. It means the very contrary of what many of our American contemporaries suppose.

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *November* 15

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It means that we have not the least intention of going under, and were never further from going out. If it is hard to criticize and invigorate without seeming to share the pessimism we despise, and without creating passing misimpressions in America, it is far better to continue in our own way. The steady facts of our recovery from unexampled difficulties as we achieve it by degrees — largely by public pressure on successive Governments — will speak better to America than any false system of advertising verbiage we could now employ.

If it is in truth supposed that Britain is not so great as she used to be, the answer is that she never was. If it is averred that she has no future, the answer is that she never had. In Elizabethan days, when all those glorious forces that led to the founding of English-speaking America were just beginning to work, an old chronicler like William Harrison protested that our day was visibly over. In the same way Horace Walpole describes how public anxieties contrasted with the bets laid on the geese that waddled from London to Norwich. England to many never seemed so weak as before the Seven Years' War — except, perhaps, before the French Revolution. In our own time we have passed through similar phases again and again. Toward the end of Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1880–85 the universal Continental opinion was that we had become a decaying nation and a loosening Empire. Before Armageddon, with our railway strikes, our suffragette struggles, our threats of Irish civil war, the same view was held. Germany believed it implicitly. If she had not, Armageddon would never have occurred. After it, we only relapsed into our old ways and observers into their old delusions. It became common talk in France, Germany, and Italy alike that Britain was ceasing to be a 'Great Power'; and our commercial decline was announced, as so often before, but positively for the last time.

There is a parable which our American readers will more enjoy. It dates from the years when the disastrous misunderstandings between the island and the Hohenzollern Empire were becoming irreparable. There was a room in the Germany Embassy as then equipped — now happily changed. It was not one of the best rooms. It had a Brussels carpet and a bookcase. When you looked into the bookcase, you found it almost exclusively stocked with works under such cheery titles as the following: *Darkest England*, *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, *Social Wreckage*, *Rocks Ahead*, and the rest. With what mingled sense of comedy and despair one looked at those shelves. Germany was encouraged to think that this dreary pabulum had become the best nourishment we could furnish. How different was the truth.

But Britain is always like Dickens. His crudities lie on the surface, and any tyro can explain them; his genius in several kinds requires some human depth to understand. The late Marquis de Soveral used to say to the present writer that when he first came to this country he thought he understood it in three months. After three years he was less certain. After twenty he knew us indeed, as few have done; but he often said that London was of all capitals the most difficult to know, and Britain of all countries. Foreign diplomatists of similarly long and wide experience have agreed with him. There is always so much more underneath than appearances of disorganization suggest, and there are always so many remarkable workers and thinkers who are never heard of until the hour strikes. The war brought them out in swarms. They are still there. Dr. Gye

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and Mr. Barnard, for instance, have a spirit that is acting unseen in a thousand other spheres. There never was a stronger ferment of ideas among us than there is to-day.

Upon all the problems thought and effort are at work. There is not a single one of them but is capable of remedy. This journal is the last to say that the nation, considering the magnitude of its war-effort, has as yet the least reason to be satisfied with the peace results, or with the degree of creative energy and contrivance that its Governments since the war have displayed. With inexhaustible half-utilized territories at their disposal, not one of them has understood how to organize development for revenue. The business of newspapers is to be the pacemakers of national progress. We shall resume our campaign against inefficiency and deficiency of every kind whenever we detect them. But the United States may rest well assured that the vitality of Britain is unchanged, and that there are more able brains and stirring characters in this country than at any time.

We suspect this interruption of understanding comes chiefly from a very simple cause. The corps of American correspondents in London includes many expert and gifted writers. Why does not one of them turn Columbus in the other direction and discover unknown Britain? It is not to be done in London. It is only to be done in the provinces, where five sixths of our people reside. You can no more measure Britain without knowing the provinces than you can gauge the United States without considering the Middle West. Or still less. In that sphere a thorough adventurer, noting the better as well as the worse, might come back with a full tale of things that will quite prevent Britain from being down or out.

We are managing an empire on principles which France now sees to be the wiser. We are bearing our taxation, rejecting inflation, maintaining our credit, paying our way, developing several new industries to compensate for the injury to old; and somehow, in spite of all, and though at a less rate than before, we are renewing capital. At Locarno, we scarcely appeared as a nation exhausted or unwise. The venerable Guildhall will hold, when the signatories are entertained, as noble a scene as it ever knew; nor is the daily tide of life about its gray walls less vital than in Chatham's time. From Locarno as a beginning we press on patiently, steadily, toward higher purposes, larger achievements. All that has happened is that in the economic sphere we have had a San Francisco earthquake on a national scale. We are rebuilding. When operations are further advanced a cheering word will come across the Atlantic again, and it will do no harm. Meanwhile it is a joy in trouble to remember Mark Twain, Mr. Dooley, and the enormous wonder-city that in living memory used to call itself 'little Detroit' — and increased the gayety of nations.

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THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE[1]

BY EMIL DANIELS

If a well-informed man of to-day is asked what holds the English Empire together he will probably reply, 'Common economic interests.' For it is a current dogma that economics makes history. That is why most Germans believed during the World War that England had attacked their country out of commercial envy.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful if the British Empire really has common economic interests in respect to the rest of the world. Naturally many economic ties unite its different parts as a result of their political and cultural affinities. But those parts are also separated by marked diversities of economic policy. The Dominions have erected high tariff walls against British manufactures. If they felt that they and the mother country were an economic unit they would assume that their function was to provide her with raw materials and her function to provide them with finished goods. But they do not reason that way. They try to exclude England's factory products as well as those of the rest of the world.

A system of preferential tariffs exists between England and the Dominions. But that system is of very slow growth and limited application, whether or not it shows promise of future evolution. Such tariffs may be of some advantage to both parties, but they are practically identical in spirit and effect with many commercial treaties between independent nations.

How can we speak of common economic interests between England and Australia where the whole policy of the Labor Government is to keep wages high? The English ridicule the Colonials for their policy of six hours' work, five meat-meals a day, and birth-restriction. Australia, in order to protect her high standard of living, must maintain barriers against the competition of England and the rest of the Empire, as well as of the outside world.

As long as the Boers were independent, they got their public revenues largely from taxes levied upon wealthy Englishmen and other foreigners in Johannesburg. That has ceased, but nothing resembling a harmony of English and South African economic interests exists to-day. Even English-speaking South Africa feels that. Everybody there agrees on a policy of protecting South African industries from English competition.

This feeling of clashing economic interests is even stronger in the dependencies than in the Dominions. Indians complain because the textile mills of Lancashire have ruined their ancient industries. The Swarajists try to boycott British cottons. Nationalists declare that India is forced to buy goods she does not need from England. They begrudge Great Britain the large sums that Anglo-Indian officials take out of the country. They attribute to these things the permanent balance of trade against India.

[1] From *Preussische Jahrbücher* (Berlin Conservative-Nationalist historical monthly), *October* 19

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The Egyptians likewise believe they are being exploited. They complain that their country is forced to be a mere supplier of raw materials to Lancashire, and that England artificially keeps Egyptian industry in a state of tutelage. Egypt must raise merely cotton, as Ireland was forced to raise merely flax in the eighteenth century. All that Egypt consumes must be bought through English traders at high prices abroad. So, they claim, rich Egypt is kept in artificial poverty by England.

Undoubtedly British capital is an economic factor in the Empire. The City finances countless undertakings in the colonies. But it is doubtful if that makes the bonds of Empire closer. Debtor nations have never had a warm affection for creditor nations. The Americans did not like the English as long as they were dependent on British capital. One of the most striking evidences of the sagacity with which the English rule their Empire is the fact that the Colonials do not feel the burden of London's capitalist control more than they do. But England cannot maintain this monopoly forever, especially since the United States has become a great lending country.

Still other economic relations help to tie the Empire together. Anglo-Saxon civilization creates economic needs that are most easily supplied from the mother country. But on the whole the Empire would rest upon a very unsubstantial basis if its moral solidarity were supported only by such interests as these. Political and cultural traditions are vastly stronger bonds of union.

This was proved during the last war. Germany's growing navy presaged a new balance of world power; whereupon every nation in the British Empire instantly sprang to the defense of the existing status. Their old economic clashes were forgotten. The Boers forgot the taxes they used to levy on the Outlanders. The Indians forgot their languishing textile industries and their unfavorable trade-balance. The Australians sprang to the defense of the mother country with indescribable enthusiasm. They saw at once that more than their five daily meals of meat were at stake. They instinctively felt that the whole political and social structure of their workers' paradise was imperiled. So German militarism found itself confronted by a spontaneous Anglo-Saxon militarism that subordinated all opposing influences to its main objective.

Inevitably, however, the experience of the war did modify the constitution of the Dominions, stimulate new class and racial consciousness throughout the Empire, and face the latter with novel and difficult problems. To-day the Dominions feel that their safety is no longer threatened from any direction. They oppose the Geneva Protocol and refuse to be parties to the Locarno Pact, because they feel safe without them. They see no reason to involve themselves in Europe's squabbles now that they no longer fear her. French militarism does not worry them because they know the limitations of French finance.

Even Japan has ceased to disquiet the Dominions seriously since the war. They appreciate her ambition, but they see America growing stronger. They compare the colossal Anglo-Saxon united front and the inherent weaknesses of their possible enemy and are reassured.

This self-confidence in the colonies is not propitious for the Empire. A significant historical incident illustrates this. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the North American colonies remained loyal to the mother country because she defended

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them against Spain and France. Major Washington and the Colonial Militia helped the elder Pitt expel the French from North America. That happened in 1763. Thirteen years later the Americans declared their independence.

It is not likely that anything similar will happen to-day. No English colony will try to secede from the Empire. What could an independent Australia do against Japan? She had far rather be protected by the Imperial fleet than build one of her own. To be sure, she might appeal to America for aid in time of stress, but in such an alliance she would be but a skiff behind a steamer instead of an equal partner as at present.

Neither has Canada anything to gain by leaving the Empire. She too worries over a possible conflict with Japan. Her connection with England, moreover, discourages whatever annexationist designs the Americans may cherish. To be sure, the Canadians might not regard absorption by the Union as a hopeless disaster, but they prefer autonomy. Every great community has the same instinct of self-preservation.

Nevertheless, Canada and Australia can be conceived as independent States, but in case of South Africa that idea is absurd. That country's unity was forged by England with iron and blood. Were the Empire to dissolve, the South African Federation would divide into an English and a Boer section — and it lies without the bounds of probability that it would do so peacefully. The Empire means in Africa, therefore, insurance against civil war — a war that in view of the great native population might easily become a fight of all against all.

But while separatist tendencies are unimportant in South Africa, Canada, and Australia, the situation is different in India, where a powerful Secessionist Party undoubtedly exists. But that Party is not united — because there is no such thing as an Indian nation. Religions and nationalities, castes and classes, parties and civilizations, exist in India, no two of which are alike or can agree. It would be difficult to conceive more discordant raw materials for nation-building.

Here a war of all against all, far more cruel and bloody than in South Africa, would follow the moment the Empire withdrew its peace-compelling hand. Production would dwindle, the railway service would become demoralized, and famine, now almost banished by the Anglo-Indian administration, would return to ravage the land. The masses instinctively feel that this would be so and turn a cold shoulder to the Separatists.

India's foreign relations are so secure just now that she does not need the Empire to defend her from invasion. The World War has liberated her from the Tsarist incubus; America would veto any aggression by Japan. But the United States excludes Indian immigrants, while the Empire merely excludes them from the Dominions. British East Africa is an attractive outlet for India's excess population. England also has an eye on the possibility of settling great numbers of Indians in Mesopotamia, where vast territories can be brought under wheat and cotton as soon as the ancient irrigation works are restored. But what mainly keeps India in the Empire is political necessity plus her cultural connection with England. Macaulay's prophecy has come true. English education and customs have taken such deep root in India that her people can never escape their influence, even if they gain political autonomy.

Some of the English colonies accordingly must have the Empire. Others find it convenient. It is natural for

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them to paraphrase to themselves the familiar political saying, 'If the Empire did not exist, we should have to invent it.'

The reconciliation of authority and liberty — that fundamental problem with which every government is constantly concerned — has been brought about to a wonderful degree in the British Empire. English political skill has not always demonstrated itself so happily. The North American colonies were settled by people many of whom left their motherland because of their political and religious convictions. During the century and a half before they became independent, England made no effort to mollify the hostility that the democratic masses in her realm across the sea felt for the aristocratic institutions she maintained at home. The wealthier the American plebeians became, the deeper their resentment against the social patronage of the motherland. Ireland, too, is not a happy illustration of England's political sagacity. From Cromwell's time one kind of administration after another was tried there, always with failure in the end.

But the English learned a lesson from the loss of the greater part of North America. Since then they have ruled their colonies with an easy rein. The French in Canada and the Boers in South Africa enjoy full national freedom. The autonomy of the Dominions is practically unlimited. They control their own commercial and foreign policies, and could renounce all direction from the motherland if they so desired. They refrain from doing so of their own free will.

Britain's dependencies do not enjoy as much liberty as the Dominions, but their people are being led step by step toward self-government. First the Egyptians and the Indians, and then perhaps the Negroes, will gradually be initiated into the management of their own affairs. Agitation and terrorism, such as have occurred in Egypt, are repressed with a minimum of severity. The typical English colonial statesman considers freedom a universal panacea. There may be dissenting voices, but the dissenters never cast the decisive vote.

To be sure, the Indians are not allowed to quaff full draughts from the cup of liberty. It is administered to them by teaspoonfuls. The backwardness of the masses makes this necessary. A very complicated suffrage law, which reminds one of the system of voting for the Duma in Russia under the Tsars, confines electoral rights to a small minority, and the functions of legislative bodies are strictly limited. But there is progress; no backward steps have been taken. In fact, so rapid is the transformation in the government that the upper classes in England complain bitterly because their sons can no longer find careers in the Indian Service. A white man must be of very humble origin to live contentedly in India upon the plane of equality with the colored races that now prevails.

England's liberal colonial policy has its disadvantages, for no man who has studied her history will deny the immeasurable service her aristocratic institutions have been to her in the past. Aristocracy, democracy, and monarchy have emulated each other in creating the Empire. To-day the British aristocracy is decadent. A reader needs only to scan the long lists of palaces, country houses, and estates advertised for sale in any issue of the *Times* to realize how rapidly the foundation stones of the old social system are being dug away.

Many colonials are flocking to England to buy up some of these properties, attracted thither by the charm of her older culture and by ambition to acquire titles in their turn. They may

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reinvigorate the old order for a period. But throughout the Empire so far as we can see to-day democracy is trumps. Whither will this lead? Anglo-Saxon society is very simple in its structure. The only essential distinction is that between the gentry and the masses, and that gulf is by no means unbridgeable. The spirit of caste is far weaker than in Germany. England is immune, therefore, to those dangerous toxins that our Continental class-hatreds engender.

In fact, scarcely a cloud would dim the horizon of the Empire if it were not for the uncertainty of future social developments in Great Britain itself. Conditions there have their dark as well as their bright side. Manufacturing and commerce have grown unwieldy at the cost of agriculture. Free trade has ruined the wheat farmers. The movement of the rural populations to the towns and factories has drained the countryside of its people. Meanwhile industrial workers are not so contented as those of Germany. Miserable housing-conditions, which have been tolerated in England because the Government has never had the courage to suppress land-speculation and ancient landed privileges, encourage a sentiment of revolt. Now the Liberals are coquetting with far-reaching plans of agrarian reform, but when once the farms have been deserted it is impossible to entice their tillers back to them.

Emigration to the colonies, which has been fostered since the war as a remedy for unemployment, has had no appreciable effect upon the congestion of the English working-quarters. These are overcrowded with people who resent the slum conditions in which they are forced to live, and who are doubly embittered by enforced idleness.

Yet the laboring masses have a potential power in Britain greater than in any other country in the world. England's ship of State lacks the ballast of a settled peasantry. Everyone lives from manufacturing and transportation. A few years before the war England experienced a strike unparalleled in economic history, which paralyzed every activity of the nation. Our German Social Democrats have the dictum: 'A general strike is universal madness.' But this English labor conflict was undesignedly tantamount to a general strike, and it lasted until the strikers had got virtually all they asked.

In no other country, consequently, is the social question so dangerous as in England. That has not been particularly obvious to the world hitherto, because the middle classes in that country are prudent and farseeing, and have conciliated labor by timely concessions — just as three centuries ago the Tudor monarchs conciliated the insurgent Commons by political concessions. So from the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 down to the present time England has been spared social revolutionary agitation. But any day may witness a repetition of what happened after 1815 and the Napoleonic Wars, when the subversive agitation of the Chartists demanding new privileges for the lower classes brought the country to the verge of revolution.

Moreover, Bolshevism, which is making visible progress in Great Britain, — if not as a distinct creed, at least as a leaven permeating the whole Labor movement, — is much more threatening than Chartism ever was. The Chartists belonged to an age that was essentially anti-Socialist. Their agitation raised no echo in the rest of the world. But Bolshevism is an international ferment. It is present everywhere in the British Empire. It is active in the Asiatic and African dependencies of the Crown. It assumes

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manifold forms, but none of them is harmless.

With the shifting of trade-union sentiment in England toward Bolshevist theories and tactics, a possibility that the Labor Party may move in the same direction looms darkly on the horizon of the future. That Party has already had one ministry. Should a Bolshevist Cabinet, whether under that name or not, ever come into power, it would be like firing a charge of blasting powder in the heart of the Empire. Let England once succumb to Bolshevist infection, and the convulsions would reach to the four quarters of the globe. A Bolshevist Government in Great Britain would extend the hand of fellowship to the colored comrades in Asia, Africa, and America, and the white races of Australia, Canada, and the Cape would instantly revolt against that gesture. Such a catastrophe would be unprecedented in the history of the world.

Now a Bolshevist Government in Great Britain may not lie within the bounds of political probability. Labor itself, both at the recent Trade-Union Congress at Scarborough and at the Congress of the Labor Party in Liverpool, vigorously repelled its propaganda. In Australia the Federal Ministry promptly dissolved Parliament and called a general election because Bolshevist sympathizers in the legislative body attempted to prevent the expulsion of striking seamen from the Commonwealth. In South Africa the Boers forced the Administration to reverse its policy of favoring the seamen's strike, which the Cabinet had adopted out of consideration to its Communist supporters in the Labor Party.

This seamen's strike has failed. But Bolshevism is raising its head everywhere in the Empire, in the colonies as well as in the mother country. It need not win a majority of the voters in order to do great injury. A strong Bolshevist minority at Westminster might confirm the oft-quoted prophecy handed down from the days of Queen Elizabeth, that England will never perish unless it be by the hand of her Parliament.

MOSCOW VIGNETTES[1]

BY AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT

I. VODKA DAY

On October 5 the government sale of vodka was resumed. Every dispensary and private shop licensed to sell spirits was overcrowded. Cafés and restaurants had more trade than they could handle. The entire supply of *zakuska*, as they call it, was exhausted in one day. Only a fraction of the throngs that crowded outside the doors of the spirit shops could be admitted at one time. The remainder stood in long queues waiting for their turn to come. One would have supposed, to see the struggle to get in, that liquor was being distributed free of charge. By four o'clock rumors

[1] From *Russkoe Vremia*, (Paris Conservative daily), *October* 22

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began to spread that the entire stock had been exhausted.

Friends who met each other in the street asked anxiously: 'Did you manage to get some? You did n't? Well, hurry up, it's half-past three already!' Faces were as radiant as on a great holiday. In the street-cars people showed each other gloatingly the bottles of vodka they had bought, and smacked their lips in anticipation.

When night fell, Moscow was a different city from what it had been for years before. Everywhere you saw people staggering aimlessly along. The police were picking up unconscious victims, packing them into cabs like so many logs, and hauling them off to police headquarters or to their homes. There were numerous fights. For the first time within several years one heard shooting in the streets. In several instances motormen were so intoxicated they could n't get their street-cars to their destination.

The new vodka is cheaper than the old. A bottle of the thirty-per-cent liquor used to cost, in the days of the Tsars, one ruble and seventy-two kopecks, or about eighty-six cents, while a bottle of the new forty-per-cent spirits costs only the equivalent of sixty cents.

Several deaths from alcohol-poisoning were reported by the authorities. A workingman drank three bottles before he died, while only two bottles proved fatal to a woman.

II. MOSCOW MARKETS

Our new markets, the 'Central,' the 'Arbat,' and the 'Sukhariov,' are designed to serve the new Muscovite, the person who wears big tortoise-shell spectacles and broad-toed boots, who believes that time is money, and who prefers Mary Pickford to Hamlet because he finds her easier to understand, more amusing, and more easy to see. It seems only the other day that the sites of these new markets were vacant spaces encumbered with the ruins of a few old wooden houses that had been burned or wrecked for firewood. When we look down upon them now from a Moscow belfry they remind us of a square-patterned carpet with processions of ants moving across it in all directions. Smooth asphalt has replaced their paths of mud, and rows of tidy booths enclose them.

Unlike the old markets, they are not noisy with rasping gramophones and squealing pigs, and almost no peddlers are visible. The lonely old grandsire with his tin-framed eyeglasses tied together with string, who croaks hoarsely, 'Death to bedbugs, roaches, rats, and mice!' seems strangely out of place. The elderly bourgeoise lady selling her ivory fan, the blind Ukrainian singer who plays an accompaniment for his husky song on an old music-box that sounds like a bumblebee, have vanished from the scene. Only one old double-chinned woman, standing near a butcher shop, close to a freshly dressed sheep, sings shrilly an incomprehensible ballad which she interrupts from time to time to mumble the customary thanks when someone thrusts a copper coin into her hand.

Sly-eyed youths elbow their way through the crowd, spitting out the husks of the sunflower seeds they are munching, and asking in a low, confidential voice: 'Gold, silver, debentures?' A trader half-hidden in his booth calls to a pretty woman passing by: 'Citizen! Muslin, batiste, cheviot?' Another booth-keeper shouts lustily, flourishing a shining knife: 'Fresh, hot, white bread!' The sale of provisions is evidently brisk. But always

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one hears the undertones of the young speculators: 'Gold, silver, debentures?'

The shrill voice of the old ballad-singer approaches. She advances leisurely, followed by a crowd of staring loafers who keep at a decent distance. A Chinaman peeks out from a booth filled with spools of thread and hanks of colored yarn. He gazes silently after the woman, with a glimmer of quiet wisdom in his eyes.

A long line of customers stands before the Government dry-goods store wrangling over their places.

'Who's the last man in the queue? You?'

'What are you trying to do, pushing in ahead of your place?'

'And with a hat on!'

'That's always the way with these people who wear hats — they think they're aristocrats. Get back in your place!'

'Who are you talking to, anyway? I never spoke to you.'

'Nor do I want to speak to you.' (With a sneer) 'Puts on a hat and imagines he's a — '

'Quit shoving, you roughneck!'

Then comes the pacifying voice of an officer: —

'Move on, move on, citizens!'

CURFEW

BY A. E. COPPARD

[*Spectator*]

Its pack of leaves
  The park throws down,
And no bird pipes
  A joyous air;
Harsh world, bleak sky,
The time draws nigh

When to a change
  Intransigent
His course must turn
  Whose youth decays:
Sweet youth, sweet hour,
I have plucked your flower.

Though parched with drouth
  My heavy heart,
The wine is poured
  In other lips.
Oh, Time unblest,
Bring me to rest.

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THE SABBATH[1]

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HEBREW PURITAN

BY PROFESSOR JEHUDO EPSTEIN

HOLIDAYS and the Sabbath were the bright spots of our drab lives. Orthodox Jews attach great ethical importance to Sabbath-observance. The Talmudists have surrounded the day with many 'protective coverings' in order to preserve its substance, which is to thank the Lord constantly for His mercies. So sacred is it that *mechalel Schabbos* — to desecrate the Sabbath — is among the worst sins that a pious man can commit. The Biblical code punishes this with death.

So what I have called protective coverings have been devised to prevent people from doing any kind of work on a day dedicated to prayer and meditation. For example, all instrumental music is forbidden on the Sabbath, although playing instruments is not necessarily work, in order that professional musicians may not be tempted to transgress. Lest men carry burdens, it is forbidden to carry anything on one's person, even a watch. All pockets are emptied on Friday evening, even of pocket handkerchiefs, which must be worn around the neck or tied around the arm to make them an article of clothing. A poor man economizes all the week in order to keep the day properly. It is a pious duty to help the poor and to assist one another to observe it in a fitting manner.

In fact, Friday was virtually a half-holiday. Housewives worked very hard up to Friday noon to have everything prepared for the coming period of rest. Even the father, though he might be a highly educated or a very wealthy man, condescended to assist in the household duties at such a time, 'in honor of the Lord's day,' believing that he thereby acquired special merit in God's eyes. He ran on errands, polished the candlesticks, cut wood, turned his hand to anything that might be useful. It was a particularly busy time in the kitchen, for even the white Sabbath bread — *Chales* — had to be baked at home. We children went to school, of course, but we never learned much on Friday forenoons.

Even the poorest Jew sat down to a white-covered table and had fish or meat or both, and the inevitable dessert — *Zimes* — on the seventh day. Fish cooked especially for the occasion was regarded as a great delicacy. We also had spirits on the Sabbath. Wine was too dear and subject to certain ritual regulations, and nobody cared for our poor beer. Even as little children we each had a tiny glass of spirits in which we sopped our white bread. Modern parents may consider this very reprehensible, but I assure you that none of us became a drinker as a consequence.

We children looked forward all the

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *November* 8

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week to the Sabbath dessert. This zimes was prepared of turnips with sugar or honey. Even the grown people seemed to like it, and a pretty girl was proverbially called a 'zimes' maid — *A Moid wie a Zimes.*

The public steam-bath was heated betimes, and the bath attendant marched through the alleys of the Jewish quarter, waving a bundle of birch switches in his right hand, and shouting at the top of his voice: 'All Jews to the bath' — *Alle Jüden in Bod erain!* Immediately the whole male population stopped whatever work it had in hand and each hurried toward the bath with a roll of clean linen under his arm. All the men and boys of the neighborhood met there. The long plank seats in the steam chamber rose in a sort of terrace, and the topmost of them, where it was hottest, was always occupied by the elders and local dignitaries, who discussed there town affairs and also higher politics. I remember that as a little boy I first heard the names of Bismarck and *Büksenfeld* — Beaconsfield — to the accompaniment of splashing water, the jolly shouting of us youngsters, and the slapping of the birch switch against our backs, in the town bathhouse.

Late in the afternoon the baths were deserted and the streets were filled with people hurrying home. The men's long wet lovelocks hung down in front of their ears like mouse-tails. Everybody hurried to don his Sabbath clothes and get to the prayer-house. All observers of the law had their Sabbath garments made of black silk or satin. Some of the more heterodox used ordinary black cloth. A man with any pretension to learning, a so-called 'good Jew,' and above all a rabbi, wore black or brown velvet on this occasion.

Thus we thronged into the prayer-house. Propriety required that we should all hasten there as fast as we could walk to show how zealous we were to serve the Lord, but that when returning home we should go very slowly and thoughtfully, to show how unwillingly we left God's house. Those whose tasks were performed in time usually went to the synagogue late Friday afternoon and read in a loud voice the Songs of Solomon — for that was a deed of merit.

Meanwhile the streets were all a-bustle, for Sabbath was drawing near. Shops were hastily closed, and, as nearly all the places of business were owned by Jews, a sudden silence fell upon the place at nightfall.

By this time the women had finished their household duties and were likewise dressing for the Sabbath. They put on their Sabbath gowns and heirloom ornaments, and placed the brass or silver candlesticks — the Sabbath lights — upon the covered table. These candlesticks were never used on week days, and they were always lighted with a formal prayer. This prayer consecrated and inaugurated the Sabbath.

By this time the streets of our little town were empty, except for an occasional belated passer-by hastening toward the synagogue with a big prayer-book under his arm. In the windows of even the poorest cabins several candles glittered — an illumination in honor of the Sabbath. So deep was the peace and quiet that brooded over our little community that it seemed as if one could actually see the Sabbath with his eyes.

No work, not even the most trifling, could now be done. The horse could not be harnessed; the cow could not be milked. All servants and domestic animals must rest. The womenfolk sat in reverential attitudes around the lighted candles, glad to have their labors over. Servants joined in the family circle with their mas-

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ters — for the time being on an equal footing.

A second soul, the *Neschome jessereh*, entered every bosom. Songs were sung in its honor at the synagogue, in which Israel was compared to a bridegroom and the soul to a bride. The refrain went: 'Come, my friend, to meet the bride. We will receive the Sabbath.' After this song the evening prayer was recited and each one wished his neighbor a 'good Sabbath,' and returned home.

The rooms were full of angels which came 'to receive the Sabbath' and to bless the house. The father and his sons stood up and greeted the angels with a rhythmic chant: —

'Peace be with thee, thou angel of the Lord, thou servant of the Lord, of the King of kings — may His name be blessed.

'May thy coming be in peace, thou angel of peace, angel of the Lord, by the King of all kings. . . .

'Bless me in peace, thou angel of peace. . . .

'Go in peace, thou angel of peace.'

When this chant was concluded, the father opened the Bible and read or recited from memory the chapter of Proverbs in honor of a virtuous wife: 'Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.'

As I write down these childhood recollections, I lean back in my chair and close my eyes. As I do so there rises distinctly before my mental vision the image of my father, his hands clasped behind his back, walking up and down the room and reciting: 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.' And I see myself, a little lad, trailing after him, trying to measure my steps by his. I have clasped my hands behind my back and chant loudly, imitating each cadence of my father's voice, and trying to get just enough ahead of him to show that I also know the chapter by heart: 'She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.' The loving glances of my father and mother amply repay my zeal.

The ritual washing of the hands follows, and we take our seats at the table. The father solemnly repeats the Sabbath blessing over the white bread. 'And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.'

Elders and children alike were perfectly happy. There was a hot, thick soup, generally with noodles. The carp or the pike tasted delicious. And then the zimes! It was worth skimping the whole week to have that.

As I said above, every Jew, even the poorest, sat down to a white-covered table on this day, with white bread, fish or meat, and zimes. He who had no home sat as a guest at the table of a fellow believer. If any poor Jewish stranger was seen at the services that day, the synagogue attendant invariably asked him if he had food and entertainment for the Sabbath. If he had not, the attendant went the rounds of the more well-to-do members of the congregation, bidding them invite the man as a Sabbath guest. I remember with what curiosity we children always studied the *Jüden auf Schabbes* whom my father brought home with him. We listened with open ears to his accounts of his travels and his adventures. Such a poor fellow was never treated as a recipient of charity, but always as an honored guest. And if he proved to be a man learned in the Scriptures, he was received with the greatest respect as well.

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All the next day was reserved for pious meditation. No true believer was permitted to mention business — indeed, it was considered a desecration of the Sabbath to think of business. Neither was one permitted to touch money on that day. Men and women spent the forenoon at the prayer-house. Upon returning home they dined from *Zolet* — that is, a meal prepared the day before and kept in the oven. Radishes and onions dressed with goose grease and salt were a favorite hors d'œuvre. All of us, including the children, were served at this meal the tiny glass of spirits I have mentioned. Between the courses our father chanted *Schmieres*, — Hebrew songs in honor of the Sabbath, — and those of us children who were old enough chimed in with our young voices.

All of us, old and young, were required to study the *Pirke owes*, or Sayings of the Fathers, on the Sabbath afternoon. This was a lesson in morals and customs. I think non-Jews may be interested in learning something of the nature of these Sayings. I quote some from memory.

'A wise man does not speak before him who is his superior in wisdom and years. He never interrupts. He never answers hastily. He asks only what is pertinent to the subject. He speaks of what is first first, and of what is last last. He says of that that he does not know, "I do not know it," and what is true he admits without question. But a rude and ignorant man does the opposite of all these things.'

'Rabbi Ben Soma said: "Who is the wise man? He who learns from everyone. Who is honored? He who honors others."'

'Rabbi Ben Assai said: "A good work draws others to you. The reward of virtue is virtue; the reward of vice is vice. Despise no man, but admire no man above his merits, for there is no man who does not have his hour, and there is no thing that does not somewhere have its place."'

'Rabbi Eliazar said: "The honor of thy neighbor should be as valuable and dear as thine own. Do not let thyself be moved easily to wrath. Warm thyself at the fire of the wise, but beware lest thou burn thyself. Their words are like fiery coals."'

'The same Rabbi said: "What is the right way that a man should follow? That which is an honor to himself and brings him honor from his fellow man."'

'Rabbi Hillel said: "He who hath the most goods is not therefore the wisest. The more flesh, the more worms; the more property, the more cares; the more women, the more dress and finery; the more maidservants, the more disorder; the more menservants, the more theft. But the more knowledge of God, the longer and the better life; the more industry and stability, the more understanding; the more well-doing, the more happiness and peace."'

'Rabbi Jochanau Ben Sakkai said: "If thou hast learned much, pride thyself not upon it, for it is for this that God created thee."'

After dinner the elders usually took a nap. We children went out in the yard or down the street to visit our little friends. About three o'clock we had tea. A stoneware jug with a narrow neck called the *Hljok*, in which water had been kept hot from the day before, was taken out of the stove, for it was not permitted to heat the samovar on the Sabbath. Some housewives were very skillful in keeping their hljok hot. Nevertheless, the water always tasted flat. Visitors frequently came in at this hour, to whom we served tea and biscuit. Now and then my father,

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or — if I was thought to be particularly well prepared — a learned caller, 'examined' me. I must recite all the verses of the Holy Bible that I knew, and especially the lesson of the week. Then the visitor cross-questioned me upon the text. My father would sit there smirking happily whenever I gave a bright answer, while my mother, who understood no Hebrew, was radiant with delight at my learning and enraptured at the melody of the 'holy tongue.' Finally my questioner would pinch my cheek and prophesy that sometime I should be a great *Lamden* — scholar.

My mother would also have callers. Two or three neighbors would come in and all would sit on the *Leschanka*, or stove settle, fold their hands behind them against the warm wall of the porcelain stove, and gossip — mostly about the future of their children and various household matters. Or else they would criticize the young girls, the *Chzufes*, who would not have their hair shaved back, but wore their wigs over their own hair. But the favorite entertainment on the leschanka was telling *Maisses*, or stories about *Schedim* and *Lotzim* — that is, of evil and mischievous spirits that played all sorts of tricks on human beings. Trustworthy people reported that they had felt them pinching their bodies. I naturally took all this for gospel truth, especially when our next-door neighbor, the dressmaker Sori Zires, vouched for the verity of such an incident as this: —

'A coachman was driving down the road with his coach full of fares. The weather was beautiful. The coachman cracked his whip merrily and sang a little song. Suddenly the horses stopped and would not proceed. There in the middle of the street lay a fine fat wether tied by the feet. The coachman and his fares, who had not eaten meat for a long time, marveled at this remarkable find and promptly lifted the wether into the coach, planning to slaughter it at the first opportunity. The wether lay quiet and stared at the passengers with big eyes. All at once its expression changed, it began to laugh like a human being, and loosening its feet with ease sprang out of the wagon and vanished with a jeering chuckle.' Naturally that was a lotz — a mischievous imp that was merely playing a joke on the travelers. The schedim were not so harmless, and generally did folks harm.

So the Sabbath drew to an end. At dusk all the members of the family gathered together and ate a cold luncheon, the *Scholesudes*. That was the hour when the *Neschome jessereh*, the second soul, left the body. Psalms and religious songs were chanted to accompany its departure. When darkness came the evening prayer was recited. My father poured out a silver cup of raisin wine, and a candle made of wax of different colors was lighted and given to me to hold. Then the father recited over the wine the parting prayer that marked the termination of the holy day. We then all wished each other a 'good week.' Sabbath was over.

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UNPAID SCAVENGERS[1]

LIMA'S BUZZARDS UNORNITHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED

BY F. P. FARRAR

THE North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then,
Poor thing?
He will sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.

The *gallinazo*, or Lima buzzard, has no such recourse. He has nothing of the robin in his nature. When the cold winds of reform are blowing, he must tighten his belt and telescope his ungainly neck into his shoulders and hope for better days.

Sad to say, the gallinazo is an anachronism. He is the survivor of a picturesque and insanitary past. As a denizen of cities, he is doomed as surely as the fly and the mosquito — on paper. Despite his long and honorable service to mankind as sewer and unpaid *baja policia* of tropical cities, he must go, and without a single *muladar* as an old-age pension. Other days, other customs.

Perhaps it is a little optimistic to predict the gallinazo's immediate banishment from the banks and braes of bonny Lima. He will probably attend the funeral of each one of us. Limenean ways are as fixed as the pyramids; while there is a cook, there is hope. The habits of centuries are not cured in a day by Act of Parliament. Gone, it is true, is the unsavory Montón, thrilling from a sensational point of view as the home of the homeless Dick Turpins of the byways and hedges; swept, it may be, and all but garnished. With it is going every other midden within the city limits. Already there is so much food the less for the hungry vulture. When incinerators are in full blast the food supply will be still further reduced.

But — there remains the big, big But, the rock on which many a noble ship has foundered — the personal factor. Where the pavement ends, the long arm of municipal law reaches less surely; and the pavement ends very abruptly in Lima. Even in the heart of the city, under the very nose of the Palace itself, a glance at the dry bed of the Rimac shows that there are citizens who still prefer to jettison their *basuras* rather than await the arrival of the dustman and his cart.

The gallinazo may still hope on. Not for nothing has he studied Lima for four hundred years from his aerie in the skies.

Nevertheless, the miracle of Panama may yet be possible in the City of the Kings. Throughout the Canal Zone, the *sopilote* has been driven by starvation to seek a home in less sanitary centres. He deserves the tribute of a passing tear. Unhealthy as was the Isthmus of Panama before the coming of Goethals, it would have been worse

[1] From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language weekly), *October* 6

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without the sewage system of the vulture. It was not only the installation of drains and incinerators that banished the bird; it was the additional security offered by the compulsory use of sealed and galvanized dustbins. Under the régime of the sanitary expert, from Colón to Balboa, there is scarcely a free meal for a meagre mouse.

Poke the finger of fun or scorn as we will, the turkey-buzzard has been the true friend of man from the remotest ages. Only the Recording Angel, who marks alike the good and bad in man and bird, can say how many epidemics the unlovable, unloving gallinazo has averted from the cities of Central and South America.

Some twenty or thirty years ago the dogs of Constantinople were the only system of sanitation that existed beyond the Stamboul Bridge. They too were repellent, ferociously savage, an offense to the eye. But they were vitally necessary to the old city, and for that reason they were sacrosanct. It was a serious offense to kill them. Tourists who ventured to strike a pariah incurred the fury of the fanatic Mussulman. Young Turkey, in its effervescent zeal for reform, abolished the dogs, root and branch. Whether they have substituted a more efficient system of street-cleaning is open to doubt. The Turk, Young or Old, is as changeless as — we leave the simile to you.

Throughout the Near East, and in India and Egypt, the vulture is protected by law. In Lima, too, there used to be an ordinance in force — perhaps it still is valid — under which anyone who killed a gallinazo was liable to a fine of fifty pesetas. Not that anyone would wish to kill the poor bird, unless he were that most unsporting of all sportsmen to whom everything is game that comes within point-blank range of a gun. The plumage is useless even as a feather duster; no use has yet been devised for the skin; and the flesh is rank poison even to the strongest stomach. The Guarani Indians are probably the only human beings who have found any good to come out of a dead gallinazo. They use the grease for medicinal purposes, and especially as an unguent in cases of rheumatism. They also claim that they can cure insanity by a friction of the fat upon the shoulders of the sufferer. This is probably a primitive form of homœopathy.

Ornithologically, the gallinazo has come down in the world. His ancestry, like that of all the vulture tribe, goes back into the realm of mythology. He can trace his descent from that fabled griffin whose emblem guards the portals of the City of London and presides over Lord Mayors' banquets. It is true that he no longer bears the family name. His escutcheon shows a bar sinister. He is merely a turkey-buzzard, *coragyps urubu*, of less honor even than his Californian cousin, who is at least *pseudogryphus californianus*, and far below the head of the family in the Western Hemisphere, the condor of the Andes, who bears the kingly title of *sarcorhamphus gryphus*.

His European relations, and especially the Egyptian vulture (*neophron percnopterus* — what names they bear!), hold their place in history. References are found to them in the classics. Their habits are even attributed in the Bible to a nobler bird: 'Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' And the same habits have remained true to type down the avenues of time. As in the days before Christianity, so the heir of the griffin soars over Saharan deserts and marks the stumbling gait of the dying camel. He feeds fat to-day upon the dead

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Riffi along the Vergha, and, poised in mid-air, watches the fall of the Druse, spinning like a top as the bullet from the Lebel drills home. In Bombay, another relative crowns the Towers of Silence and waits, nor ever waits long, the home-coming of the dead Parsi.

Parsis are scarce in Peru, but on the desert trails — nay, even nearer home to Lima — are the scattered bones of human beings who have had a Parsi's funeral.

In Latin America two species of the buzzard tribe are found. There is our familiar friend whose funeral garb and dark-blue neck have taken on the aspect of a *chôlo* cook on her way to Mass. There is also occasionally to be seen in the vicinity of Lima the sopilote of Central America, the Johnny Crow of the West Indian Islands. Mercifully for Anglo-Saxon ears, his very disgusting tastes are concealed under a Latin name: he is *aura cathartes*, for short. The sopilote has greater pretensions to good looks than our *cholo* friend. Nature has at least endowed him with a red neck and a more graceful gait than the heavily built Peruvian bird. He is also more skilled in aeronautics and can remain poised in the air on seemingly motionless wings in a manner which the urubu cannot rival.

From a bird-lover's point of view, the gallinazo presents few pleasant characteristics. On the ground, he hops along with the grace of a dissipated toad overtaken by the dawn. His table manners are disgusting; he lives in perpetual feud with his own kind; his stench is — phew! Despite his ancient lineage, he is a living proof to the contrary that

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

But for all his Bohemian appearance, he is a very conventional Bohemian, a creature as fixed in his habits as the most commonplace nine-o'clock-in-the morning-at-the-office man among us. He roosts in the same spot night after night — and, incidentally, he should be discouraged from making a bedroom of our favorite tree, for his droppings will sooner or later kill the branches. He is the last of all the birds to go to bed, and the first to rise. He detests rain as much as the rest of us, and on wet mornings stays away from the office — spreading his wet wings as an umbrella and leaving them to dry when the tardy winter sun appears.

His first instinct on rising is — breakfast. When possible, he leaves something over from supper. If nothing remains, he soars aloft to see if there is any unusual gathering of the clans or if the dustman has deposited something dainty on the dump. On the rare occasions when food is not forthcoming and the matadero offers nothing tempting, the bird alights on the nearest wall or roof-top and possesses his soul in patience. For in spite of their voracious appetites, perhaps because of those same appetites, the turkey-buzzards can go without food for a longer period than any other bird. In this they resemble every denizen of the desert — the camel, the dromedary, and the jackal. Like them, when food is abundant the only limit to the appetite is the capacity of the stomach.

Vultures prefer their food with a distinctly gamy flavor; and, unlike the eagle, they never attack an animal as long as life remains.

Disregarding the defects of his virtues, the gallinazo is a good father and a most gallant lover. With the promise of springtime in the air, he is now turning his young man's fancy to ponderous thoughts of love. A walk along the cliffs will show how gallantly if clumsily he woos the possible lady of his choice. Youth and beauty may scoff at the

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notion that birds, preternaturally old and ugly from their birth, should know the meaning of real love. To which the gallinazo replies in the depths of his heart:

> If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be.

At least, he is an ardent lover. And, as it happens, he has some sense of what is becoming in love-making. Naturalists tell us that the only time of the year when the gallinazo takes a bath is in the mating-season. The reader may have verified this for himself. So far as the observations of the writer serve, the gallinazo resembles the male of the human race in having a perpetual thirst. But he takes an opposite view of the correct use of water: he applies it to internal use only. Typhoid is not one of the ailments to which vulturine flesh is heir.

The writer may be accused of having a sneaking affection for the gallinazo. He admits the soft impeachment. He admires the sublime indifference with which the gallinazo disregards public opinion. He envies his courage in facing the slings and arrows of an outrageously progressive municipality. He fain would imitate the manner in which the bird curves a contumelious lip at the foibles and conventionalities of the unco guid. But he has no desire to own one as a pet.

The gallinazo will never rival the parrot or the canary in spinster affections. In a cage he would be a sadder sight than a skylark. It is almost inconceivable that anyone with sensitive nostrils could grow habituated to his odor — ranker by far than the perfumes which waft their sweetness in the wake of some fair and frail lady as she dazzles the *Jirón Unión* with her beauty. Nevertheless, incidents are recorded in which the gallinazo has been kept as a household pet, along with the cat and dog, and with entire satisfaction to the owner. It is not recorded whether he was a married man, but there was a naturalist at Cutervo who reared two from the nest in his house. 'At first,' he says, 'like all wild things, they were extremely shy and kept themselves to a corner. But as they grew accustomed to me they became quite fearless. They took up their abode on the hearth, where all day long they would gaze unwinkingly into the burning embers. They disregarded the sparks which fell on them and singed their feathers when the logs were stirred. They knew their call, *chingon-chingon-chi-chi-chi*, and would come instantly on the run, flapping their wings as they hopped along the ground. I think they knew me by my scent. Their sense of smell is strongly developed; and their continual dribbling from the beak seems to serve as an olfactory sense.'

We may rest content with this second-hand experience, and leave to others the possession of *coragyps urubu* as a family pet.

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HOW GOETHE CAME TO WEIMAR [1]

BY DOCTOR WILHELM NEUMANN

On the third of September, 1775, the Grand Duke Karl August von Weimar, who had just become eighteen years old, took over the government of his country. On the seventh of November of the same year, in answer to a pressing invitation from the princely pair, the young Goethe entered Weimar in the company of Baron von Kalb, to unite his destiny forever with that of his princely friend, of the city, and of the country. What he was and will always remain for Weimar will be commemorated in stone when men have fallen silent. At every step through the quiet city the eyes of the observer are assailed by loving memories of the powerful personality that worked here for almost sixty years.

When, at about five o'clock on the morning of November 7, Goethe entered Weimar, darkness still veiled her unpretentious beauties: picturesque crooked streets, low and tiny houses which even to-day preserve, in some places, the aspect which the whole city presented at that time. Though the outer appearance of Weimar was anything but charming, the Grand Duchess Anna Amalia had, in the years of her government, elevated her little capital to a centre of free and noble culture from which Goethe's intellectual brilliance was now to shine forth. 'He rose like a star,' Knebel wrote of him. 'Everyone was devoted to him, especially the ladies.' Even the aged Wieland, although he had been deeply injured by the daring satire of Goethe's *Götter, Helden, und Wieland*, did not deny the charm of his personality, and wrote, three days after the poet's arrival, these prophetic lines: 'The divine man will, I think, stay with us longer than he himself thought at first; and if it is possible for anything distinguished to come out of Weimar, it will be as a result of his presence.'

After the death of Duke Ernst August Konstantin, his consort Anna Amalia became regent. A few years later the Minister, Baron von Fritsch, assumed control of the government. In harmony with the tendencies of the time, a more or less autocratic bureaucracy had grown up, which was favored by the lack of the firm leadership of a prince. The result was that the Weimar court was not infrequently the scene of intrigues and dissensions. Differences of opinion between the ruling princess and her son on the one hand, and between the Duke Karl August and Baron von Fritsch on the other, did not fail to develop. The Duchess observed with jealous attention the conduct of the young, ambitious, vehement prince who had long resented bitterly his removal from political power. When Karl August took over the government and Goethe came to Weimar, the Minister expressed in the Privy Council his views on the subject of Goethe's appointment: 'Partly on account of his inadequacy to such a considerable post, partly, however, on account of

[1] From the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *November* 9

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the fact that his precedence over a large number of old and upright servants, who might have had some claim to such a place, will displease them, the appointment must be rejected.' Finally, Baron von Fritsch declared that in a Cabinet of which 'the abovementioned Dr. Goethe' was now to be a member he could no longer sit, since his own activity in the circumstances would neither benefit his prince and his country nor conduce to his own honor.

The Duke answered in a letter which still bears striking testimony to the intellectual greatness, the unbiased judgment, and the penetration that Karl August possessed. With touching warmth he defended Goethe as an honest man of an extraordinarily kindly and tender heart. 'Not only do I rejoice, but men of great insight have congratulated me on possessing this man. His mind and his genius are well known. Not to employ a man of his type in the place in which he may utilize his brilliant talents would be to misuse him.' He answered the reference in Fritsch's letter to the judgment of the world with these well-chosen words: 'The world judges according to its prejudices. I, however, like every man who wants to do his duty, work not to obtain fame, but to be able to justify myself before God and my conscience, and seek to act without the approval of the world.'

The letter closes with the wish that the Minister may come to feel differently. This wish does not appear to have been fulfilled at once. Fritsch sought to justify his attitude, but yielded on some points. If anything, he thought, could deter him from his plea for Goethe's dismissal, it would be only the desire expressed by the Duke that he should help to make out of Herr Doctor Goethe, whom he deemed worthy of his highest confidence, a useful servant. If he could be sure of being able to contribute to this in the slightest way, he would reconsider his attitude. Karl August turned over to his mother the task of conquering completely the tottering opposition of the Minister. On the thirteenth of May, Anna Amalia sent a letter to Fritsch in which she begged him to support the prince, who needed his insight and his uprightness. The amiable letter did not fail in its effect. If the Minister had already yielded a point in his letter to the Duke, he did not delay to give in completely to the Duchess. After these difficulties were overcome, the intercourse between the three personalities involved assumed the friendliest tone. Goethe's relations with Fritsch did not indeed take on an intimate character, but they were firmly founded on mutual esteem and respect.

What Goethe did from this time on for the country and the Duke, to whom his heart from the first moment had been dedicated, whom he served for a half-century uninterruptedly and to whom he proved his fidelity in good and bad days as a statesman, a poet, an adviser, was testified to fifty years later by the jubilee which was arranged in his honor in the City of the Muses.

The morning of the seventh of November, 1825, had dawned. At an early hour the servant-woman opened the shutters of Goethe's bedroom. The notes of a bright morning-song echoed from his garden. Already the first carriages were rumbling past. Already the most distinguished people of the court and of the city were coming in a pilgrimage to his house, while a band of men and women friends were preparing for the presentation of a cantata. When the poet was led by a friend of the family and his son Walter from his study, the crowd in the antechamber and in the apartments was

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so large that he could reach the great hall only by a side entrance. Scarcely had the honored figure been observed before strains of music rang out which, with their harmonies, anticipated the excess of feeling that gleamed in his eyes as well as those of his visitors. A moment of impressive silence ensued after the music ceased. Then the State Minister von Fritsch stepped forward and presented to the poet a gold medal which showed on the obverse the picture of the Grand Ducal pair; on the reverse, a bust portrait of Goethe, with an inscription of the Grand Duke's extolling the rare talents of his old friend and declared that the highest distinction of his régime had been the good fortune which had won Goethe forever.

Deeply moved, Goethe held the two gifts in his hand for a long time. Now appeared the delegations from the University of Jena, from the public schools of Weimar and Eisenach, from the City Council and the Masonic lodges, with congratulations and jubilee greetings. The faculties of medicine and philosophy presented to the honored poet, in carefully phrased diplomas, the honor of their doctorates. Among the countless gifts that beautiful hands had prepared were especially noted a porcelain vase, bearing on the one side a representation of Tasso's house in Sorrento, on the other of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and a costly cup on which a lyre garlanded by a crown of laurels was painted, with the inscription, 'The mortal to the immortal.'

Finally came the princely couple accompanied by the members of the State Council, and the first ladies of the city, among them the daughters and nieces of Herder and Wieland. Now a chorus began to sing. Music rang from the galleries, with the most profound effect in that high and dusky hall. It seemed as if glorified spirits had come together to celebrate this day. This was the burden of the speech that Chancellor von Müller made in honor of the poet. 'May the blessing,' he concluded, 'of all the great and noble men of that golden time when Goethe first entered the walls of Weimar shine forth in this festive hour, like a holy memory, like the friendly glance of his spiritual brother, our unforgettable Schiller.' Now the moment was come when Goethe's family was to be taken away to the formal banquet in the State House. The great hall glittered with decorations; the pillars on both sides of the entrance were twined about with garlands, and opposite was a painting that depicted in ingenious allegory Goethe's arrival in Weimar. On the other three sides could be seen, along the frieze, thirty-six flowered medallions picturing Goethe's works in succession.

The overture to *Don Juan* accompanied the beginning of the meal, and directly thereafter the State Minister toasted the health of the Grand Duke, 'the prince of light, the protector of every intellectual development which has made genius at home in this place.' Then the son of the poet, Councilor August von Goethe, took up the word and expressed, in his father's name, his heartiest gratitude to all the friends, particularly Major Knebel, who had introduced him to the court of Weimar. The gay hunting-chorus from the *Freischütz* concluded with a blare of trumpets, and with the last notes the banquet came to an end.

New festivities awaited the guests in the Court Theatre. *Iphigenia* had been chosen for performance. Until the last moment it had been uncertain whether the excitement and the strain of the day would allow the poet to attend. When a few spectators discovered him in his loge, the happy news, 'He 's there!' ran through all the

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rows and spread with electric effect to actors and public alike. The Grand Ducal family and the hero of the day were greeted enthusiastically, and the demonstration was renewed when the rising curtain revealed, instead of the expected grotto of the priestess, a festively decorated hall with Goethe's bust in the foreground. The prologue ended with the following verses: —

So steigt auf uns ein neuer Tag hernieder,
Es grüsst die Kunst die heil'gen Bilder wieder,
Dem kühnsten Streben öffnen sich die Schranken,
Nur durch Ihn selbst lasst uns ihm würdig danken!

And, indeed, the participating actors 'thanked him worthily' in the impressive skill of their performance. Goethe had attended the performance to the third act with deep satisfaction, and, reluctantly following the advice of his attentive physician, left at that time, so that he might be able to enjoy more completely the beautiful concluding ceremony of the day, which still awaited him. Immediately after the performance, a circle of his closest friends gathered to listen to the serenade before his house. Hummel, the famous conductor, had composed an ingenious medley of the triumphal march from *Titus*, the overture from Gluck's *Iphigenia*, and an adagio of his own.

If the beginning was inspired by the triumph of the festive day, the soft and lovely finale seemed to lose itself in tears and memories of a happy past.

On the first New Year's Day after his arrival Goethe copied in his diary the words of the Psalmist: 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him?' And does not the note of gratitude ring many, many years later in the words to Eckermann: 'I have lived nearly fifty years here, and where have I not been besides? But I was always happy to go back to Weimar' — the best testimony that the 'subtle spell' that held him in this narrow world never lost its magic power, from that seventh of November, 1775, to the last day of his life.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN

BY L. M. E.

[*Irish Statesman*]

THE stars leaped up in golden play
  Beyond the mountain's crest,
While dark below that glory lay
  Our valley of unrest.
Earth keeps her golden dance with these
  Serene through endless years,
The mother of our agonies,
  Our life of dust and tears.

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THOUGHTS ON THE WEIMAR ANNIVERSARY[1]

BY EMIL LUDWIG

NATIONAL self-deification has become the mode. What would be considered impudent arrogance in an individual is thought the proper thing in a community. Since the war Germans may have more excuse for exhibiting this weakness, especially for wishing to glorify the good old times, than most other peoples. Only it is unfortunate that they generally do this at the expense of their own heroes. For what really degrades a great man more than to make him a demigod? His life battle, his emotional experience, his victories and defeats, his struggles and falterings, all the thrilling drama of his life, fade from the picture and a cold marble monument takes its place.

Our admiration for the classic and our passion for princes have combined to exalt Goethe into a conventionalized figure robbed of all the human traits that make him vital and great. I do not share the priestly sentiment of the philologists who scorn to convert their knowledge into small change. So I shall venture to put into three columns what is customarily expanded into three volumes on all occasions when a province or a town unveils a monument erected at the true Goethe's cost in an effort to glorify him properly.

In fact, we have no good reason to add a new celebration to the already excessive number by commemorating the seventh of November, 1775, at Weimar. We are merely glorifying in the light of later events a brilliance that never existed. Instead of parroting old platitudes about the golden years of the Muses, let us rather scan more searchingly the real facts that the semiobscurity of those years reveals. That they conferred upon a little provincial town a fame likely to endure for centuries signifies no more, so far as the place itself is concerned, than the prominence any small town acquires to-day because it chances to be selected for an international conference. All the romantic nonsense that has gathered about old Weimar has served merely to perpetuate among us a plaster-of-Paris conception of Goethe. An Apollo or a Zeus has been chiseled in conventional family-journal style to take the place of the intensely human features of the author.

I love Weimar for its trees and valleys, for the mystical presence that Goethe's House, the Court, the Park, the Castle, and the Theatre there recall, as I do any other spot consecrated by genius. But I can never think without sadness of the immeasurable solitude in which a giant dwelt among dwarfs there for more than fifty years. The little petty puppets who moved about in this so-called Court of the Muses, almost without exception possessing no significance of their own, — unless it were the fair Duchess Louise, — the unintellectual, pretentious princes with their wives and mistresses, and all the trumpery that makes dynasties venerable and revered to German burghers, existed

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *November 7*

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here merely that genius might be degraded to a court bard.

In no way did the Court at Weimar show itself superior to the other narrow provincial little courts of those uninspiring days. Though the Duke had certain poets whom he occasionally read and seldom understood, his whole dissipated, aimless life proved that his uniforms and ballet dancers interested him much more than did Iphigenia and Pandora. To learn this we need only go back to the original sources — instead of stopping at the mask which Goethe prudently held up before his patron. These sources are to be found in the poet's private conversations, in his complaints to the Chancellor, in sarcastic references scattered through his confidential letters, in his periods of despair, in his arguments with the Duke over the latter's wild-boar hunts that did so much injury to the peasants' crops, and over the necessity of conserving the resources of the Duchy, the prince's own estate, which he was so prodigally wasting. Can we plumb the depths of Goethe's indignation when, after their friendship had lasted nominally forty years, the Duke brusquely removed his friend from the supervision of the theatre the latter had made famous?

Oh, of course they became reconciled again; but Goethe's soul received as mortal a wound as did Bismarck's in 1890. Each man, after creating a State, was betrayed by its ruler and driven out with contumely. The size of a realm, the mere physical extent of the interests at stake, makes no difference in these lacerations of the heart. To realize this one merely needs to read in a matter-of-fact way Goethe's petitions for an increase of salary, the servile begging of a genius for ways and means to continue the career he had forged from fire and heart blood. One must scan the Duke's letters of acknowledgment upon receiving Goethe's great masterpieces — casual, silly 'Thank you, ma'ams' — in order to comprehend the magnanimous renunciation and patience with which the poet forgave again and again his bread-giver.

What truly matters, however, is the total relationship, the final balance-sheet, that the great literary craftsman drew at the end of his life of the scene in which so large a part of it was laid. He who studies this will discover there more misunderstanding and hostility, less comprehension and sympathy, than any other German or Italian Court of the Muses ever showed toward the poet who immortalized it. Nowhere do the emptiness, the unnaturalness, the absence of real intimacy, in the relations of this genius with the little town reveal themselves more strikingly than in the pathetic efforts that Goethe made in later life to leave there some memorial of himself — an art school, a library, a museum — after his more ambitious effort had failed so miserably in face of the resistance of a stupid world.

For who other than this little windy Duke and his creatures is responsible for the fact that the only promising effort ever made in Germany to identify intellectual leadership and government — that our one great, practical, and yet ideal political experiment — so miserably failed? How much more Frederick did for Voltaire, or Louis for Corneille, or the Duke of Ferrara for Tasso! How painfully evident it must have been to Tasso's successor that his Karl August was immeasurably inferior to the former's Alfonso!

Did the poet owe a debt of gratitude to the Court or to the town itself for Knebel or for Charlotte von Stein, the only sympathetic hearts he found at Weimar. These serious and noble natures lived apart from the frivolous, sensual life of the Palace, each with-

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drawn in his or her own corner. Possibly the less famous men of Weimar, Fritsch and Voigt, were those who showed Goethe the most loyalty and understanding. But every one of them, from the sociable, courtly, brilliant Schiller to Knebel with his handsome Rembrandt figure, drew further and further away from the Duke as the years passed, and as the Duke himself lost interest in his scheme for establishing a little Court of the Muses, fell into debt, wasted his revenues on banal amusements, and recurred more and more rarely to his earlier dreams.

Frankfort is less to blame for refusing to recognize the genius of her great son than is Weimar for being blind to the greatness of the voluntary exile in her midst. When Paris and St. Petersburg hailed with rapture every fragment that the aged Goethe wrote, Weimar merely rubbed her eyes and stared with stupid somnolence at her great citizen. The man who writes the history of Goethe's fame, which slept for thirty years, will record little to Germany's honor.

Why do I say all this? Because only he who has the patience and courage to recall and ponder on these disappointments can fully comprehend the greatness of soul of this mighty man. Surely we are not living in a great epoch of reappraising values merely to propagate a few withered legends, so that the next generation may believe exactly the same things as the generation that went before.

ART AND MORALITY[1]

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

It is part of the common claptrap that 'art is immoral.'

Behold everywhere artists running to put on jazz underwear, to demoralize themselves; or to at least *débourgeoiser* themselves.

For the bourgeois is supposed to be the fount of morality. Myself, I have found artists far more morally finicky.

Anyhow, what has a water pitcher and six insecure apples on a crumpled tablecloth got to do with bourgeois morality? Yet I notice that most people, who have not learned the trick of being arty, feel a real moral repugnance for a Cézanne still-life. They think it is not *right*.

For them, it is n't.

Yet how can they feel, as they do, that it is subtly *immoral?*

The very same design, if it were humanized, and the tablecloth were a draped nude and the water pitcher a nude semidraped, weeping over the draped one, would instantly become highly moral. Why?

Perhaps from painting, better than from any other art, we can realize the subtlety of the distinction between what is dumbly *felt* to be moral and what is felt to be immoral. The moral instinct in the man in the street.

But instinct is largely habit. The moral instinct of the man in the street is largely an emotional defense of an old habit.

[1]From the *Calendar* (London literary monthly), *November*

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Yet what can there be, in a Cézanne still-life, to rouse the aggressive moral instinct of the man in the street? What ancient habit in man do these six apples and a water pitcher succeed in hindering?

A water pitcher that is n't so very much like a water pitcher, apples that are n't very appley, and a tablecloth that 's not particularly much of a tablecloth. I could do better myself!

Probably! But then, why not dismiss the picture as a poor attempt? Whence this anger, this hostility? The derisive resentment?

Six apples, a pitcher, and a tablecloth can't suggest improper behavior. They don't — not even to a Freudian. If they did, the man in the street would feel much more at home with them.

Where, then, does the immorality come in? Because come in it does.

Because of a very curious habit that civilized man has been forming down the whole course of civilization, and in which he is now hard-boiled. The slowly formed habit of seeing just as the photographic camera sees.

You may say, the object reflected on the retina is *always* photographic. It may be. I doubt it. But whatever the image on the retina may be, it is rarely, even now, the photographic image of the object which is actually *taken in* by the man who sees the object. He does not, even now, see for himself. He sees what the kodak has taught him to see. And man, try as he may, is not a kodak.

When a child sees a man, what does the child *take in*, as an impression? Two eyes, a nose, a mouth of teeth, two straight legs, two straight arms; a sort of hieroglyph which the human child has used through all the ages to represent man. At least, the old hieroglyph was still in use when I was a child.

Is this what the child actually sees?

If you mean by seeing consciously registering, then this is what the child actually sees. The photographic image may be there all right, upon the retina. But there the child leaves it; outside the door, as it were.

Through many ages mankind has been striving to register the image on the retina *as it is:* no more glyphs and hieroglyphs. We 'll have the real objective reality.

And we have succeeded. As soon as we succeed, the kodak is invented, to prove our success. Could lies come out of a black box, into which nothing but light had entered? Impossible; it takes life to tell a lie.

Color also, which primitive man cannot really *see*, is now seen by us, and fitted to the spectrum.

Eureka! We have seen it, with our own eyes.

When we see a red cow, we see a red cow. We are quite sure of it, because the unimpeachable kodak sees exactly the same.

But supposing we had all of us been born blind, and had to get our image of a red cow by touching her, and smelling her, hearing her moo, and 'feeling' her. Whatever should we think of her? Whatever sort of image should we have of her, in our dark minds? Something very different, surely?

As vision developed toward the kodak, man's idea of himself developed toward the snapshot. Primitive man simply did n't know *what* he was; he was always half in the dark. But we have learned to see, and each of us has a complete kodak idea of himself.

You take a snap of your sweetheart, in the field among the buttercups, smiling tenderly at the red cow with a calf, and doubtless offering a cabbage leaf.

Awfully nice, and absolutely 'real.' There is your sweetheart, complete in herself, enjoying a sort of absolute

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objective reality; complete, perfect, all her surroundings contributing to her, incontestable. She is really 'a picture.'

This is the habit we have formed — of visualizing *everything*. Each man to himself is a picture. That is, he is a complete little objective reality, complete in himself, existing by himself, absolutely, in the middle of the picture. All the rest is just setting, background. To every man, to every woman, the universe is just a setting to the absolute little picture of himself, herself.

This has been the development of the conscious ego in man through several thousand years, since Greece first broke the spell of 'darkness.' Man has learned to *see* himself. So now, he *is* what he sees. He makes himself in his own image.

Previously, even in Egypt, men had not learned to *see straight*. They fumbled in the dark, and did n't quite know where they were, or what they were. Like men in a dark room, they only *felt* their own existence surging in the darkness of other existences.

We, however, have learned to see ourselves for what we are, as the sun sees us. The kodak bears witness. We see as the All-Seeing Eye sees, with universal vision. And we *are* what is seen; each man to himself an identity, an isolated absolute, corresponding with a universe of isolated absolutes. A picture! A kodak snap, in a universal film of snaps.

We have achieved universal vision. Even God could not see *differently* from what we see — only more extensively, like a telescope, or more intensively, like a microscope. But the same vision. A vision of images that are reals, and each one limited to itself.

We behave as if we had got to the bottom of the sack, and seen the Platonic Idea with our own eyes, in all its photographically developed perfection, lying in the bottom of the sack of the universe. Our own ego!

The identifying of ourselves with the visual image of ourselves has become an instinct; the habit is already old. The picture of me, the me that is *seen*, is me.

As soon as we are supremely satisfied about it, somebody starts to upset us. Comes Cézanne with his pitcher and his apples, which are not only not lifelike, but are a living lie. The kodak will prove it.

The kodak will take all sorts of snaps, misty, atmospheric, sun-dazed, dancing — all quite different. Yet the image is *the* image. There is only more or less sun, more or less vapor, more or less light and shade.

The All-Seeing Eye sees with every degree of intensity and in every possible kind of mood; Giotto, Titian, El Greco, Turner, all so different, yet all the true image in the All-Seeing Eye.

This Cézanne still-life, however, is *contrary* to the All-Seeing Eye. Apples, to the eye of God, could not look like that, nor could a tablecloth, nor could a pitcher. So, it is *wrong*.

Because man, since he grew out of a personal God, has taken over to himself all the attributes of the Personal Godhead. It is the all-seeing human eye which is now the Eternal Eye.

And if apples don't *look* like that, in any light or circumstance, or under any mood, then they should n't be painted like that.

Oh, *là-là-là!* The apples *are* just like that, to me, cries Cézanne. They *are* like that, no matter what they look like. Apples are always apples, says Vox Populi, Vox Dei.

Sometimes they 're a sin, sometimes they 're a knock on the head, sometimes they 're a bellyache, some-

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times they 're part of a pie, sometimes they 're sauce for the goose.

And you can't see a bellyache, neither can you see a sin, neither can you see a knock on the head. So paint the apple in these aspects, and you get — probably, or approximately, a Cézanne still-life.

What an apple looks like to an urchin, to a thrush, to a browsing cow, to Sir Isaac Newton, to a caterpillar, to a hornet, to a mackerel who finds one bobbing on the sea, I leave you to conjecture. But the all-seeing must have mackerel's eyes, as well as man's.

And this is the immorality in Cézanne: he begins to see more than the all-seeing eye of humanity can possibly see, kodak-wise. If you can see in the apple a bellyache and a knock on the head, and paint these in the image, among the prettiness, then it is the death of the kodak and the movies, and must be immoral.

It 's all very well talking about decoration and illustration, significant form, or tactile values, or plastique, or movement, or space-composition, or color-mass relations, afterward. You might as well force your guest to eat the menu card, at the end of the dinner.

What art has got to do, and will go on doing, is to reveal things in their different relationships. That is to say, you 've got to see in the apple the bellyache, Sir Isaac's knock on the cranium, the vast moist wall through which the insect bores to lay her eggs in the middle, and the untasted, unknown quality which Eve saw hanging on a tree. Add to this the glaucous glimpse that the mackerel gets as he comes to the surface, and Fantin Latour's apples are no more to you than enameled rissoles.

The true artist does n't substitute immorality for morality. On the contrary, he *always* substitutes a finer morality for a grosser. And as soon as you see a finer morality, the grosser becomes relatively immoral.

The universe is like Father Ocean, a stream of all things moving slowly. We move, and the rock of ages moves. And since we move and move forever, in no discernible direction, there is no centre to the movement, to us. To us, the centre shifts at every moment. Even the polestar ceases to sit on the pole. *Allons!* There is no road before us!

There is nothing to do but to maintain a true relationship to the things we move with and among and against. The apple, like the moon, has still an unseen side. The movement of Ocean will turn it round to us, or us to it.

There is nothing man can do but maintain himself in true relationship to his contiguous universe. An ancient Ramses can sit in stone absolute, absolved from visual contact, deep in the silent ocean of sensual contact. Michelangelo's Adam can open his eyes for the first time, and see the old man in the skies, objectively. Turner can tumble into the open mouth of the objective universe of light till we see nothing but his disappearing heels. As the stream carries him, each in his own relatedness, each one differently, so a man must go through life.

Each thing, living or unliving, streams in its own odd, intertwining flux, and nothing, not even man, nor the God of man, nor anything that man has thought or felt or known, is fixed or abiding. All moves. And nothing is true, or good, or right; except in its own living relatedness to its own circumambient universe; to the things that are in the stream with it.

Design, in art, is a recognition of the relation between various things, various elements in the creative flux. You can't *invent* a design. You recognize it, in the fourth dimension. That is,

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with your blood and your bones, as well as with your eyes.

Egypt had a wonderful relation to a vast living universe, only dimly visual in its reality. The dim eye-vision and the powerful blood-feeling of the Negro African, even to-day, give us strange images, which our eyes can hardly see, but which we know are surpassing. The big, silent statue of Ramses is like a drop of water, hanging through the centuries in dark suspense, and never static. The African fetish statues have no movement, visually represented. Yet one little motionless wooden figure stirs more than all the Parthenon frieze. It sits in the place where no kodak can snap it.

As for us, we have our kodak-vision, all in bits that group or jig. Like the movies, that jerk but never move. An endless shifting and rattling together of isolated images, 'snaps,' miles of them, all of them jigging, but each one utterly incapable of movement or change, in itself. A kaleidoscope of inert images, mechanically shaken.

And this is our vaunted 'consciousness,' made up, really, of inert visual images and little else; like the cinematograph.

Let Cézanne's apples go rolling off the table forever. They live by their own laws, in their own ambient, and not by the law of the kodak — or of man. They are casually related to man. But to those apples, man is by no means the absolute.

A new relationship between ourselves and the universe means a new morality. Taste the unsteady apples of Cézanne, and the nailed-down apples of Fantin Latour are apples of Sodom. If the status quo were Paradise, it would indeed be a sin to taste the new apples. But since the status quo is much more prison than Paradise, we can go ahead.

GRANDEUR OF GHOSTS

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

[*London Mercury*]

When I have heard small talk about great men,
I climb to bed; light my two candles; then
Consider what was said; and put aside
What Such-a-one remarked and Someone-else replied.

They have spoken lightly of my deathless friends
(Lamps for my gloom, hands guiding where I stumble),
Quoting, for shallow conversational ends,
What Shelley shrilled, what Blake once wildly muttered. . . .

How can they use such names and be not humble?
I have sat silent; angry at what they uttered.
The dead bequeathed them life; the dead have said
What these can only memorize and mumble.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MUSICIANS PAST AND PRESENT

In its celebration of the centenary of Johann Strauss's birth, Vienna was but paying the tribute of special and local affection to the memory of a man whose name is familiar to the whole world of music-lovers. So much could hardly be said for the Czech composer, Zdenek Fibich, the twenty-fifth anniversary of whose death has recently been celebrated in Prague with the kind of complex fervor that is made up of nationalistic and artistic sentiments inextricably mingled. At the National Theatre there his works are to be performed throughout the season, and that probably means that all of his seven operas — one of which is based on *The Tempest* — will be produced.

Though not so well known abroad as his contemporaries, Smetana and Dvorak, Fibich, according to the *Morning Post*, occupies a high place in Czech music, and did much for the national opera of a half-century ago. He was greatly influenced by Schumann, Wagner, and Smetana, and his works show a poetic delicacy and a rhythm that sometimes reach a very high order.

Seven cities contended for the honor of being Homer's birthplace, and now three Italian towns have been striving to secure the honor of sheltering the tomb of Puccini. These towns are Lucca, Torre del Lago, and Viareggio — all dear to the heart of the Maestro, and all in the neighborhood of the Ligurian Sea. The Milanese, indeed, hoped that he would be buried in the great cemetery at Milan, but the Puccini family has decided in favor of Torre del Lago, where the composer had a villa, and where the architect of that villa, Professor Piloti, of the University of Pisa, is planning to design a votive chapel adjoining Puccini's studio.

The chapel, according to a Rome correspondent of the *Morning Post*, is to be decorated in the graceful manner of the quattrocento, as being the style most in harmony with the melodious form of his music. It is hoped that all the best Italian artists will collaborate in decorating the chapel with appropriate bas-reliefs, mosaics, symbolical figures, and decorations in bronze.

The author of *The Merry Widow* has treated the life of the great violinist Paganini in a new operetta which is his twenty-fifth essay in that genre, and which has recently been produced at the Johann Strauss Theatre in Vienna. 'Paganini' shows the hero during the period of Napoleon as a young man of twenty-five involving himself in love affairs with a charming princess and other ladies by means of his playing and his demoniac personality. Lehar, it is said, has reached almost the style of opera in this work, which is mostly of a lyrical and sentimental character, in spite of some of the usual dances. The music retains his exotic flavor, with more refinement of style and orchestration than has appeared in his work hitherto.

According to a writer in the *Man-*

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chester Guardian, 'Paganini' had an enormous success at its first-night performance, being a kind of jubilee for Lehar, whose first great success is nearly twenty years old. The composer was called before the curtain repeatedly at the end of the first act.

Sir Edward Elgar, the most distinguished English musician of the older generation, was recently awarded its gold medal by the Royal Philharmonic Society at a special concert made up entirely of Elgar music. Sir Henry Wood, in making the presentation on behalf of the Society, declared that Sir Edward is the greatest of living composers.

*

A COURT PAINTER

HEINRICH VON ANGELI, who died in Vienna the other day at the age of eighty-five, was one of the favorite Court painters of the seventies and eighties. He was in his time a kind of successor to Winterhalter, the painter of Eugénie and the Court of the Second Empire, and lived in England for some time painting glossy pictures of the great, to the indignation of Mr. George Moore and the satisfaction of the producers of grocers' calendars.

Angeli painted Queen Victoria and many members of the Royal Family, and, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, it was one of these portraits — which made the sitter, in the eyes of an admirer, look like an angel — that gave a famous saying its second chance on earth: '*Non angela, sed Angeli.*'

Some time before his death the aged painter had confided to a representative of the *Daily Telegraph* the circumstances under which he managed to break down some of the decrees of Court etiquette at Windsor, one of the strictest being that against smoking: —

When, on my first visit, one of the Court officials showed me to my rooms, I lighted a cigar, and he drew my attention to the fact that in Windsor Castle smoking was allowed only in the billiard-room. 'Very well,' I answered, 'then I will go to a hotel to smoke, for I cannot live without my cigar.' Her Majesty heard of this, and soon afterward the Court official came again and told me that Her Majesty did not wish me to leave the Castle to be able to smoke. The consequence was that henceforth many of the gentlemen of the Court frequently visited me in order to smoke in my room, and it was often dense with tobacco fumes.

Some of von Angeli's other famous sitters were Disraeli, Dean Stanley, Cecil Rhodes, von Moltke, and the Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil.

*

LINGUISTIC CHAUVINISM

A BERLIN correspondent writes to the *Observer* of some international complications on a nonpolitical level: —

At the annual meeting of the German Language League, an association which exists to regulate the inclusion of new foreign words into the mother tongue and to Germanize intruders already incorporated, protests were raised against last year's additions, 'rotor' and 'sportforum.' Dr. Flettner's invention is sufficiently well known. This last abomination stands for the sports-ground with raised tribunes for spectators, and crops up again and again in the press. All the efforts of the past year directed against the words 'telephon' and 'krematorium' have, it seems, proved unsuccessful. While 'fernsprecher' appears an adequate substitute for 'telephon,' one can understand the objection to the far longer 'einäscherungsinstitut' for the simple crematorium.

The League does not seem very successful in its efforts, if one must accept the Germanized spelling of foreign words come to stay. The French 'friseur,' used for barber and

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hairdresser, as 'frisöhr,' and 'chauffeur,' spelled 'schofför,' are not improved. Still more annoying are the misunderstood translations of the original importers of such articles as biscuits and textile goods. Biscuits came in as 'cakes,' which has been Germanized into 'keks,' the plural implying one such 'cake' only; while it is the lining and not the suiting which will be supplied if 'serge' is asked for.

♣

MAUPASSANT AS A FLYER

ACCORDING to Pierre Valjean, writing in *La Semaine Littéraire*, Maupassant was the first French man of letters, perhaps the first man of letters anywhere, to make an ascent in a balloon. The pilot of the vessel in which Maupassant voyaged, Maurice Mallet, is still living, 'an old man with a noble countenance, framed by a romantic halo of snow-white hair,' and he retains memories of the event — July 1887 — that are decidedly flattering to the character of the author. Some years earlier, in 1859, Baudelaire had also had the intention of making an aerial flight, but at the moment of embarking had suddenly been taken ill, and had had to go to bed for two days.

Maupassant seems to have had better nerves, or less sensibility. From the beginning to the end of the flight, says M. Mallet, he gave evidence of the most perfect sang-froid. Driven by a south wind, the balloon sailed toward the ocean in the direction of Belgium, Maupassant chatting calmly the while. The novel view of earth and sky suggested piquant remarks to him, and he finally fell to reciting verses. Indeed, M. Mallet recalls how, amid the damp silence of the clouds, he declaimed energetically some stanzas from Victor Hugo's *Plein ciel*. To prove that his stomach was robust, he ate a chicken wing with a good appetite and washed it down with a glass of champagne.

Commonplace as such an adventure seems to us now, the aged aeronaut protests that it was anything but commonplace in 1887, and that at the time Maupassant was regarded by all his friends as mad — 'even before he really was.'

♣

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK

JUNO is not a goddess, and the 'Paycock' is not a bird, according to one critic, in the new play by that title written by a young Irishman, Sean O'Casey, and recently performed in London with great success by the Abbey Theatre players from Dublin. Juno, it should be said, is a woman of the Dublin slums who earns her nickname from her habit of being born, courted, and married in June; and her husband is called 'the Paycock' because he prefers taking the floor of a public house in strutting magnificence to doing a day's work.

More than one critic, at any rate, has risked his reputation by declaring that *Juno and the Paycock* is a great play, and Mr. O'Casey may prove to be a successor to Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory. That he is capable of writing tragedy that really rises above melodrama, — the action of the play is laid amid the bloody incidents following the proclamation of the Free State, — and that is yet enriched by a vein of distinguished comedy, all the critical reactions to the play seem to testify. That he knows the kind of life about which he writes, an interview in the *Observer* proves. 'Born in a tenement house,' he said, 'I write about people in tenement houses.' His father died when he was three, he told the reporter, and his mother brought the family up. 'We had dry bread and a drink of tea in the morning, and that again at night if we were lucky.' 'For nine years,'

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continues the interviewer, 'he half starved. At fourteen he taught himself to read; at fifteen he worked for a news-agent from 4 A.M. to 7 P.M. for nine shillings a week. After that he navvied and labored for fifteen years. His last job, oddly enough, was on a building near the Abbey Theatre, which he has visited for the tast ten years, and into which he drops nearly every evening.'

His first play to be accepted was *The Shadow of a Gunman* (1923), and he has recently finished a play called *The Plough and the Stars*, which Lady Gregory, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. Lennox Robinson are said to be enthusiastic about, and which is soon to be put on at the Abbey Theatre.

✽

WOMEN AND PAINTING

An inquiring reporter for the *Westminster Gazette* has recently been drawing out the practitioners of various arts on the question whether feminine influence on art is considerable, palpable, and increasing. Three distinguished painters, Sir William Orpen, Mr. Augustus John, and Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, concur in emphatic negative replies. 'Heaven help us if it should be so,' exclaimed Sir William in some alarm — and added: 'I don't see any signs of their influence, but if I did I should shut my eyes to it. True, they crowd the art shows, but that is merely because it is the right thing to do. They would be better employed in staying at home and minding the babies.'

Neither Mr. John nor Mr. Nevinson was so vehement, but both corroborated Sir William's diagnosis. Mr. John declared that it is a mistake to suppose that women copy art: 'The Rossetti woman lived before Rossetti, and by the time he had recorded her she had given place to a healthier type.' 'I can't see any influence of women on French painting,' said Mr. Nevinson, 'and all English art comes from France. It is a different story with portrait-painting, which is a kind of photography. Here the woman demands flattery and her own decorative effects. Actors, dramatists, and novelists may feel this baneful influence of women on their work, but the great triumph and charm of the plastic and painting arts is that they are not influenced at all by the public.'

✽

WILLIAM JAMES AND THE DUCE

In an interview with a correspondent of the Spanish newspaper, *A. B. C.*, Signor Mussolini recently gave some account of what Henry Adams would have called his 'education' — of what a certain type of essayist would call 'books that have influenced me.' Denying that he has ever read any of Benedetto Croce's works, — thereby evading the question whether he understood them, — and declaring that Nietzsche, who delighted him only when he was twenty, did help to strengthen his antidemocratic tendencies, the Italian Premier paid a special tribute to the influence of William James.

'William James has helped me in my career,' he said. 'James taught me that an act should be judged more by results than by its essence. From him I learned to put my faith in action and in a flaming determination to live and to struggle, to which Fascism owes a great part of its success.'

What would the 'ever genial William James' have made, we wonder, of this particular disciple? Would he have thought that Signor Mussolini has indeed found a 'moral equivalent for war,' or that he is really 'tough-minded' in every sense of the phrase?

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

As was exclusively predicted in these columns weeks ago, the cry 'Is England Done?' may now be heard on all sides. The British themselves are quite as much hypnotized as anyone else, and many of them honestly believe that they are on the brink of ruin. For our part, we honestly believe that the debt to America is going to be lightened still further before 1926 is over. Remember this and see if we make good.

* * *

Mr. Garvin has enough Irish blood in his veins to be able to talk about this country without the least condescension. The first few paragraphs of his article show a much more sensible attitude on Anglo-American relations than is to be found anywhere, from English-Speaking Union lunches to the rantings of this socially embittered department. The only trouble with Mr. Garvin is that he shares the drearily romantic views of Messrs. Dreiser, Anderson, and Sandburg on that portion of God's green footstool known as the Middle West.

* * *

These poor chaps, as we know to our sorrow, are firmly convinced that they are the only real Americans — the Red Indian not excepted. No doubt they are quite right, but they carry on at such a rate that it starts us thinking — and when we start thinking there's the devil and all to pay. From our point of vantage it looks as if all this talk about the real America being in the Middle West is nothing more or less than the Middle Westerner's only possible revenge on the rest of the country. Even in California and Florida one can rest one's eyes by contemplating the sea, and the Far West has the Rockies and ranches where the Middle West has abattoirs and automobile factories. The joke is clearly on Chicago and Detroit, and we are quite willing to fall in with their little ruse about the Real America — whatever that may mean — if it really helps to mitigate their suffering. But when this idea is introduced into serious criticism like Mr. Garvin's we have to call their bluff in the interests of Terewth.

* * *

Before leaving Mr. Garvin we should like to raise just one point more. What does he mean by saying, 'We have lived to sigh in vain for Mr. Dooley'? Is n't he getting his *Living Age* regularly, or does n't he read it as it should be read?

* * *

The well-born Herr Emil Daniels has also joined the 'Is England Done?' movement. His line, however, owes its effectiveness more to oratory than to logic. In assuring you of the impossibility of a given premise he actually convinces you of the exact opposite. To us the idea of a Bolshevized England had not occurred as an immediate possibility, but Mr. Daniels takes it so casually that one wonders if, after all, this is a man of straw, and therefore

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doubts whether it can be demolished with the bombardment of paper darts that Mr. Daniels subjects it to. Either he is a victim of the fallacy that England is about to collapse, or he is part of the movement which devotes itself to spreading that theory broadcast. We incline to suspect it is the former.

* * *

Of course the description of the great Red capital that we get in 'Moscow Vignettes' is open to suspicion, for it is taken from that notoriously Conservative organ, *Russkoe Vremia*. Still, even allowing for a certain amount of bourgeois bias, it needs some explaining. It is amusing to learn, not only that there are people in Russia who are able to visit the Moscow Art Theatre any time they want, and understand what, if anything, the characters are saying, but also that they have to pay no more for their tickets than they would for a good suit of clothes. Yet in spite of all these advantages many a Muscovite insists on preferring Mary Pickford to *Hamlet*. Shame on them for a lot of Georgii Feodorovitch Babbittskis.

* * *

But credit where credit is due, and until we replace National Apple with National Whiskey Week we shan't be able to twit the Comrades about Vodka Day. Our greatest regret is that the editor of the *Living Age* refused to let us cover that story personally.

* * *

Mercy sakes, what's this — D. H. Lawrence right next to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe? Has the *Living Age* lost all sense of shame? Alas, no. Mr. Lawrence is quite harmless on this occasion; but naturally you have not yet looked at his article, for you wisely consulted us first to be assured that every word of it could be safely read aloud in the family circle. To us defenders of the Puritan Tradition his theory that art is moral sounds pernicious and false, as well as painfully familiar. It is pernicious because the purpose of art is to give pleasure, — in a broad sense, — and everyone knows how bad it is for human beings to enjoy themselves. If you doubt this, just look at the expressions on the next couple you see dancing the Charleston or looking at a collection of Sargents. In proving that art is immoral, we refer you to the nearest dictionary. Morals are a code of behavior handed down from time immemorial, and the more immemorial the moral the better it is. Art is a code of æsthetics, and the more up to date the æsthetics the better and the more immoral both.

* * *

In the hope that Santa Claus will bring this week's *Age* around in good season, we hereby extend our best wishes to all our readers and detractors as well as to both our admirers. But our tenderest greetings go to those who have taken the trouble to write in and tell the editor just how rotten this department really is. On their recommendation, we are going abroad at an early date, and under such circumstances no gentleman could possibly keep on being at odds with his boss.

YANKEE DOOLEY

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BOOKS ABROAD

Welchman's Hose, by Robert Graves. London: The Fleuron. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

It is to be feared that Mr. Graves's latest book will satisfy less than ever the folk he was quite prepared to dissatisfy with *Whipperginny* — 'those who demand increasing emotional stress in poetry.' It is not merely that he cannot conceive the poet as 'a genie armed with fire,' or 'the mouthpiece of Almighty God'; but that, just as oratory is held to have had its day, so poetry must avoid even the appearance of lifting up the voice, and not be afraid of trailing it in talk.

There is a great deal of talk in *Welchman's Hose*. It is true that much of it is subtle, of intellect all compact, set in sinewy blank verse, couplets, trimeters, or quatrains, a model of technique — altogether an efficient and effective medium for the poet's philosophy of life. It is the philosopher's poetry that suffers, and adroit dialectic, psychological mastery, and lissom satire do not make up for the loss. Yet Mr. Graves claims that these substitutes have come to him in compelling visitation. It may be so, but they do not compel his readers as the poetry he used to write compelled them. The earlier Mr. Graves was creative; the later is analytical. There are two poems, perhaps four, in this book that belong rather to the earlier Mr. Graves: possibly the allegorical satires, 'The Figure-Head,' which disputes the divine governance of the world, and 'Ovid in Defeat,' which imagines a reversal of the relation of the sexes; but certainly the triumph of atmosphere and insight called 'From Our Ghostly Enemy,' and the one piece that is purely lyrical, 'Burrs and Brambles': —

Discourse, bruised heart, on trivial things
With laughter vague and hollow,
Conceal the sudden tear that stings,
The lump that 's hard to swallow —
These are mere manners, these no part
Of the self-deceiver's art,
And rankly here grow nettles
With burrs and brambles prickly,
Here slide snakes across the brakes
Whose tongues do murder quickly.

Of the other kind the most perfectly wrought and significant is the dialogue, 'At the Games,' which was awarded a medal at the Olympic Games last year. But there is technical interest in 'The Poetic State,' where the evasive rimes recall the experiments of Wilfred Owen and Mr. Frank Kendon: —

Let me enlarge now on this hasty drop:
'New rain,' I 'll say, 'augments it: see it droop
And burst and streak the pane with quickening
drip.'

Relations, by Sir Harry Johnston. London: Chatto and Windus. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Unchanging Quest, by Sir Philip Gibbs. London: Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Outlook*]

Sir Harry Johnston and Sir Philip Gibbs have written histories under a thin disguise of imaginative work. *Relations* is thoroughly bad. The characters are uninteresting in themselves, and their adventures are indicated with dismal dryness. At times it is faintly suggested that the all too numerous types of upper-middle-class society mentioned may somehow be composed into a panorama of Edwardian or early Georgian England, or that Sir Harry has something to say about Australia. But the suggestions come to nothing at all. One is left wondering why Sir Harry believes a preoccupation with natural history or astronomy superior in importance to one with religion, and for whom this abrupt catalogue of events was intended.

The Unchanging Quest is rather better. Sir Philip has almost a genius for reporting his own experience, and his pictures of the war, of pre- and post-revolutionary Russia, and of a well-intentioned but deplorably confused intellectual activity, are as brilliant as ever. None of his characters, however, has any vitality. Even as types they fail to convince us because of the extraordinary language put into their mouths. Much may be said for making characters in fiction talk as real persons do, and much for making them talk as real persons ought to do. For the peculiar dialect compounded by Sir Philip from melodrama and leading articles I can find no shadow of defense.

Observations, by Max Beerbohm. London: Heinemann. 25*s.*

[Bohun Lynch in the *Saturday Review*]

In thinking of Mr. Beerbohm as a caricaturist it is always difficult to decide whether his sense of

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beauty, of irony, or of nonsense is to be preferred; and it always will be difficult, because in almost every drawing that he makes any two of these components are apt to trespass upon the third. Much of the beauty of his caricatures is necessarily lost in reproduction; but, on the other hand, with this admirable Ulster-orange volume upon your knee you may enjoy a leisured scrutiny such as, for one reason or another, is impossible in a picture gallery, and there is now time to discover new ironies, new nonsense, which eluded the most conscientious inspection when the actual fifty-two drawings were exhibited. One is ashamed, for example, not previously to have observed that, in 'Logic and Mathematics Reconciled,' behind Mr. Bertrand Russell and the maiden Physics — to whom he is represented making advances — there is upon a hill a Greek temple from which a smoking factory-chimney rises. It is noticeable too, that, marching with other 'improvements' in his work, Mr. Beerbohm draws much better than formerly 'for reproduction' — that is to say, the cleanness of his line and the clear distinctions of tone in the water-color with which he adorns his drawings 'come out' now, even in the comparatively crude processes of half-tone, distinctly and without the blurred and smudged effect which frequently in the past has detracted from the value of his caricatures in book form. 'Two Dear Little Sisters' (Ulster and the South of Ireland glaring at each other), and 'Sir William Joynson-Hicks,' are especial cases in point. 'Mr. Norman Davey, quoting Catullus,' on the other hand, being, in the original, a rough vigorous drawing full of splendid color, remains vigorous but just a little too rough.

In the series of the Young and the Old Self, one finds one's self constantly 'eating one's preference' and, for good reasons, changing one's mind. Regard Mr. Lloyd George, himself regarding, but with rage and disgust, his Young Self, by no means the ragged and emaciated and yearning Little Dave who, in a picture on the wall, is 'watching the dawn from the summit of Llwchdwrchchnl,' but a plump, well-clad urchin with an Eton collar, a made-up bow, and a cricket cap on the back of a very sleek head. The name of the Welsh mountain was fairly easy and obvious, but when Young Conrad asks the Old: 'Na volski primskch kalz gatschi lo visck British Mercantile Marine zut li hasphor ta glanimph por Kumptlck?' we can well imagine persons who made a conducted tour of Poland before the war exclaiming with a chuckle that Mr. Beerbohm is really very clever and accomplished.

In a dedicatory letter to Sir Edmund Gosse, the caricaturist writes of his caricatures that they 'are unworthy of you; but not of me; they are the best I can do.' That letter was dated July 1925, that self-criticism may be just. Even so, it remains a very favorable criticism indeed. In July of what year will it have ceased to remain so?

The Informer, by Liam O'Flaherty. London: Jonathan Cape. *7s. 6d.*

[*New Statesman*]

MR. O'FLAHERTY, one is glad to see, has struck out a new line, and pursued it with clearer vision and greater success than the old. Though I am a fervent admirer of his short stories, I have not, before this, been able to consider him adequate as a novelist; he has seemed to labor one note too monotonously, and, powerful though he is, to be sometimes weakly violent too. But in *The Informer* all weakness has disappeared. Plot and atmosphere are real; the horrid figures move through them solidly; the terrors of fact mow and gibber from the pages. In so far as all the characters are in the state of unnatural excitement caused by subterranean plotting and unrelaxing danger, the book might be called a study in the psychology of revolution; but that jargon does injustice to its heroic qualities. The huge Gypo, with his vague, childlike emotions, his urgent bestial passions, his simple mind, always pathetically anxious to 'make a plan' and always pathetically incapable of doing so, turns informer against his best friend, in a daze, in a dream of hunger and stupidity, not realizing what he does, not identifying himself at all with the man who does it; and he is hunted down by the revolutionary organization which he has betrayed. That is the whole plot; but every scene, of slum, brothel, and church, is vivid and, through all the horror, beautiful.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

This page covers the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers, or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.

Robert Owen, by G. D. H. Cole. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1925. $4.00.

Parnell, by St. John Ervine. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1925. $4.00.

THESE are the first two volumes of a new series of biographies edited by Philip Guedalla under the general heading, 'Curiosities of Politics.' The idea is to present certain figures 'chosen from the incomparable procession of English public life in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries' in accordance with the best traditions of that school of writing commonly known as the New Biography.

In his life of Robert Owen, Mr. Cole has wisely avoided the flippancies in which Mr. Guedalla himself is rather apt to wallow. It would be grossly unfair and terribly easy to paint a mocking portrait of the first great British Socialist with all his top-heavy nineteenth-century Enlightenment. Mr. Cole is himself far too diligent a reformer to waste his time with such writing, and attacks his subject as sympathetically as an intelligent person can. And what a curiosity Owen was. Originating in the humblest circumstances, he was a successful manufacturer at the age of thirty, when he suddenly broke all the rules of the game and devoted his energies to improving the lot of the workers by means of social and political changes. He threw himself into trade-unionism and factory-reform, and finally established his coöperative community in New Harmony, Indiana. Mr. Cole has written a competent and readable life of one of the greatest men and greatest bores of the last century, whose history the modern student will enjoy investigating.

The Parnell book is quite a contrast. Here again the subject is appropriately treated; indeed, a dramatist is the ideal biographer for such a challenging figure as Charles Stewart Parnell. This man is the most interesting type of Anglo-Saxon — the Englishman who detests his native country even more than the Irish do. Parnell devoted his life from the age of twenty-eight until he died, seventeen years later, to the fascinating task of baiting the British. Without a drop of Irish blood, he was by far the most successful leader Celtic Ireland has ever had, and it was by the Celtic Irish that he was destroyed. When he married Mrs. O'Shea, whose husband divorced her after she had borne Parnell three children, his Catholic supporters divided among themselves. This is a bitter book, even now, for an Irishman to read, and all the more so because there is no malice in it. Mr. Ervine confesses that he started to work with a prejudice against Parnell and ended with a 'deep affection' for him. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, an earlier biographer of Parnell, once said that every Englishman should read of the terrible atrocities committed by his countrymen in Ireland; and in the same way this book should be commended, not only to all those interested in any aspect of the Irish question, but also to anyone who relishes a dramatic story, well-told and true.

Whaling in the Frozen South, by A. J. Villiers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1925. $4.00.

HERE is a stirring account of Captain Larsen's expedition to the Antarctic in 1923 and 1924, told by a young Australian journalist. He made the best of his opportunity to produce a twentieth-century Moby Dick, and pictures for us the delights and dangers of whaling in the South Seas to-day. The volume is well illustrated, and is written in a pleasing style.

The Elder Sister, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1925. $2.00.

THE simple dignity of Mr. Swinnerton's prose and his psychological insight are not wanting in this his latest novel. The book opens in that familiar tone of gentle pathos. It is pathetic for brave young girls to realize the drabness of the life they are about to lead. Later the tone changes, and becomes nervous, passionate, tragic. If this be the grand passion, no one in his senses would desire it, and modern civilization has more than one sin to answer for if it has transformed romance into this nervous hysteria. Some day, perhaps, our medicine-men will find a cure through psychoanalysis for such as Mortimer and Vera. Meanwhile, Yankees and other shrewd persons will read Mr. Swinnerton and avoid the grand passion.

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

December 26, 1925

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND. Why does the press wield more political influence in England than it does in this country? On what basis does Mr. Garvin suggest measuring the true strength of Great Britain? What hopeful signs does he see in England's present condition and present state of mind?

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Enumerate some of the 'clashing economic interests' now at work within the Empire. Yet what forces, in Mr. Daniels's opinion, are holding the Empire together? Why are Australia, Canada, India, and South Africa unlikely to secede? What is the one great danger to British security?

THE SABBATH. On what day of the week does the Hebrew Sabbath fall? Describe some of the customs followed by Orthodox Jews on that day.

THOUGHTS ON THE WEIMAR ANNIVERSARY. Locate Weimar. Why does Emil Ludwig object to the celebration of the Weimar Anniversary?

ART AND MORALITY. State the thesis of Mr. Lawrence's essay. Explain his theory of how a painter should represent his subject on canvas. Wherein does a picture painted along these lines differ from a photograph?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itseft to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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RUMFORD PRESS

"'TWAS THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS"
or
Why Girls and Boys Stay Home
A Family Story

ONLY the mouse was stirring when first we came on the scene.

* * *

There was a lull after a day of festivities.

* * *

Then Father stirred. He furtively reached behind a picture and brought forth the January Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

When it had arrived on Christmas Eve, he had taken one look at the table of contents and then quickly hidden it. He knew he'd never get another chance at it if the rest of the family saw it first.

* * *

"The Conquest of Mike" took his fancy and proved his downfall. His chuckles over Captain John W. Thomason's story brought Mary over to see what he was reading.

* * *

And immediately she wanted to get at it, to read the new instalment of "The Silver Spoon," the three lyrics by Sara Teasdale, Bernice Kenyon's romantic story.

* * *

Bob claimed that he was "next on the Thomason story" and he wanted to read Thomas Boyd's "Good Roads." "That fellow crams a whole lot into a few pages," he said. "Playboys of the College World" also intrigued him.

* * *

"Mary, is that the new Scribner's you are wrangling about in there," came Mother's voice from the next room. "I've been looking everywhere for it to read the next chapters of the Galsworthy novel, and William Lyon Phelps and Royal Cortissoz. I simply have to have the last two for my clubs."

* * *

"Mother, you'd better read 'The Juror's Part in Crime,' too," said Father. "Your friends of the 'Sunshine in Every Cell Club' will love it. It is written by Judge Nott of New York.

* * *

"Hello, here's 'Ancient Footprints in the Grand Canyon' by John C. Merriam. Do you suppose we passed them by when we were out there last year?

* * *

"And here's Henry van Dyke right up my alley. He's talking about fishing. Makes me wish spring were here.

* * *

"This Emerson Low story 'The Bleeding Cross' is a strange one—

* * *

"You children run along and play. I got Scribner's first this time. You all can scramble for it when I've finished."

* * *

As they departed, he observed thoughtfully: "If I don't watch out I'll have to subscribe for about two extra copies to keep peace in this household."

(*Continued in our next*)

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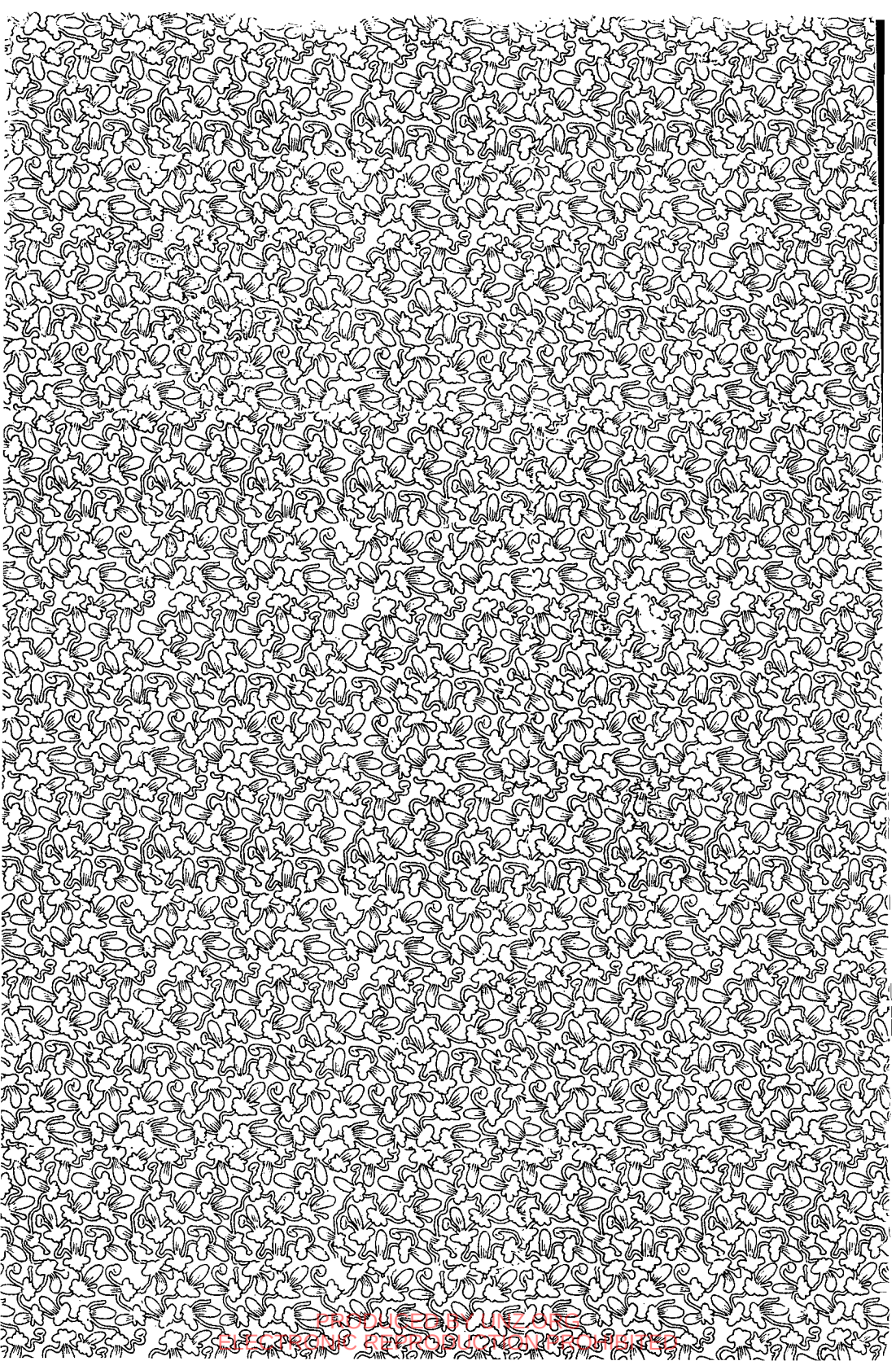
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